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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

SIR THOMAS INSKIP, the Attorney-General, has created a mild sensation by suggesting the formation of a permanent National Party. Its aim, he says, will be "to preserve to us our individual liberties and our political liberties, free from the assaults of dictatorship." In other words, if a National Party, strengthened in dealing with its more extreme opponents by such measures as the Incitement to Disaffection Bill, can permanently rule the country, it will not be necessary for good Conservatives to encourage Lord Rothermere and the Blackshirts. The bulk of the Conservative Party, however, remains "attached to its historic name," and Mr. Baldwin, in particular, continues to prefer a coalition of National Parties to their union into a single National Party. But his method also has its difficulties. At Nottingham, Conservatives are showing considerable reluctance to accept their National Labour Member, Mr. Holford Knight, as their future representative. The still greater difficulty is that a National Government can only retain power, without dictatorship, if it does something that calls for enthusiastic support, and ardent Tories, Blackshirts, and Liberals all fail to find the least interest in preserving a dull, reactionary Government merely because it calls itself National.

The Hammersmith By-election

Labour has won a swingeing victory in North Hammersmith, with a majority of 3,516. In 1931 Miss Pickford, the late Tory member, beat her Labour opponent by nearly 7,000, so that the turnover of votes is more than 10,000 (on a total poll about 6,000 less than at the General Election). The Communist candidate again forfeited his deposit, with a vote of 614—83 less than he got in 1931. The Conservatives do not attempt to minimise the significance of this result, and it is amusing to see the different reasons they give for it. The Beaverbrookites and the Rothermerites both attribute it to the feebleness of the Tory candidate; but the former find fault with him for not being a whole-hogging Empire Free Trader, the latter because he did not damn disarmament and demand a bigger air force. He himself complains of the apathy of the Conservatives. But was it apathy? Was it not, in fact, disgust with the Government's policy in social matters—above all, in housing and unemployment? And it is significant that this election came on the morrow of the Budget—the Budget which the Conservatives expected to be as popular with the poor as with the well-to-do. North Hammersmith is a pretty typical working-class constituency.

Inciting to Disaffection

The Incitement to Disaffection Bill has gone into Committee and the next parliamentary tussle will occur

on the Report stage. But the opposition to the Bill is such that there is at least a chance of forcing the Government to give way on essential points. The House of Commons opposition was strenuous and well-informed and came from every part of the House. At the close of the debate the Solicitor-General defended the Bill on the extraordinary ground that in crime, as in other things, "prevention is better than cure," thus sweeping aside the fundamental rule of English law that people should be punished for illegal acts and not, as this Bill permits, imprisoned because the Executive holds that they may be presumed to be about to commit an illegal act. In that phrase the Solicitor-General crystallised the whole difference between the rule of law and the dictatorship of the Executive. Realising the danger, religious and pacifist bodies are organising resistance and the Government may find that it has stirred up more than it knew. The possibilities of abuse under the Bill are flagrant. What safety will there be for any pacifist or "Left-wing" thinker if any constable on a warrant from any lay magistrate may submit his premises to a general search, and in case of finding anything that might by a political opponent be held to be calculated to create disaffection among the troops, if published, cause him to be imprisoned for three months?

The Allies Make Ready

The statesmen of Europe are actively seeking contact in view of the crisis which must come, if and when France raises the issue of German rearmament at Geneva. The visit of Signor Suvich to London had presumably two objects. He drew the attention of the Foreign Office to the neglected merits of the Italian plan of compromise, which authorises a measure of German rearmament, while stabilising the armaments of the victor Powers. The suggestion does not seem to meet the case, since France now objects to any German rearmament, and shows no readiness to stabilise her own defences. The second and more important subject was the future of Italy's new Danubian combination, which binds her vassals in Vienna and Budapest to consult her (and, incidentally, each other) on all important occasions. On this pact, and it may also be on its proposed extension to Bulgaria, one gathers that Downing Street smiles. Bulgaria, however, is uncertain whether it will best suit her to please Paris by adhering to the Balkan Pact, or to place herself definitely in the Italian camp, and M. Mushanov has this week completed a tour of the European capitals to take soundings. Finally, M. Barthou has visited Warsaw to revive the frayed ties of the Franco-Polish alliance. It is not known whether the French banks are yet prepared to pay the price by financing the projected railway from Gdynia to Kattowitz. These journeys are reminiscent of the early months of 1914.

Habsburg or Hitler?

Austrians rarely hurry, and Chancellor Dollfuss is a master of the art of stealthy and barely perceptible movement. It is this trait that seems to lend significance to the first steps which seem to herald a Habsburg restoration. As soon as the new "Corporative" Constitution is adopted, it is understood that the Cabinet will use its authority to cancel the law that forbids the return of Prince Otto and his House. On the Habsburg side a commission has already been nominated to negotiate the restoration of its ample estates. Though the Chancellor has made no public announcement, all the more important members of his Cabinet are declared monarchists, including that formidable personality, Major Fey, the Vice-Chancellor. It was the Heimwehr that pushed him (nothing loath) into the fatal struggle with the Socialists, and it is violently monarchist. A regime that can hardly have one Austrian citizen in three behind it, may have to obey its praetorian guard. Austro-Catholic Fascism is at best a mediaeval curiosity, but the Habsburg idea is a programme. Austria-Hungary, with Croatia as a just possible addition, would be a far from negligible military power of the second rank, and Vienna would gain a wider market. But is it thinkable that this diminished Empire would defy the veto of the Little Entente, more especially as Mussolini is at least cold to the idea? Austria has, however, one asset—her desperation. If in London, Paris and Rome this step were represented as the only possible alternative to a Nazi coup, it is just conceivable that their governments might prefer Habsburg to Hitler.

Links of Empire

Mr. Walter Elliot has for a second time sent a peripatetic ambassador to ask the Australians and New Zealanders if they would be so kind as to limit their exports of meat and dairy produce to this country. It is not really to be expected that this year's mission will be more successful than last year's. For Mr. Elliot's bargaining weapons are not very powerful. His object is to raise prices by creating scarcity—an object which can be accomplished in the case of foreign produce by the imposition of new tariffs or quotas. But, precluded by the Ottawa agreement from employing these familiar weapons, Mr. Elliot has no other way of meeting a devastating glut of Imperial butter and cheese except by the use of the moral thumbscrew—a method of pressure to which the Dominions do not seem readily amenable. Indeed, the first result of Mr. Elliot's policy is a certain tension in the Imperial family. Gentlemen's agreements sometimes lead to even worse blood than lawyer's letters, and the controversy when the Ottawa agreements end seems likely to be almost as troublesome as a disarmament conference. Such an Imperial row has its repercussion in home politics: Lord Beaverbrook has already entered the lists against Mr. Elliot, and it is not clear how the same Cabinet can hold a Minister of Agriculture determined to limit imports and a President of the Board of Trade intent on reviving our languishing export and shipping industries.

Unemployment Assistance

If anyone ever supposed that the restoration of the cuts in unemployment benefit would really put the unemployed back to the position in which they stood before the crisis, Mr. Chamberlain's speech in the House of Commons on Monday should have finally removed that erroneous idea. He pointed out that the change in the rate of benefit to the insured unemployed would not in any way determine the payments to be made under the new Unemployment Assistance scheme, which would continue to operate on an assessment of needs. In other words, the majority of the unemployed have secured no guarantee at all that they will get more than they have been getting hitherto. It is doubtless intended to relax

to some extent the administration of the Means Test; but there is no assurance that there will be a rise in the amounts awarded as assistance corresponding to the rise in the standard rate of benefit. Mr. Chamberlain's generosity has been at the expense of the Unemployment Insurance Fund; he has made no promise that the Treasury will follow a corresponding policy. Nor has he responded to the demand that children who remain at school after fourteen shall be credited with contributions so as to place them on an equal footing in respect of unemployment benefit with those who pass into industry at fourteen. The Minister of Labour objected to this, on the ground that it might encourage parents to remove their children from school in order to draw unemployment benefit at once. That difficulty could easily be overcome, if the Government were willing; and the proposal would then help to keep children at school, instead of adding them to an already congested juvenile labour market.

Derelict Areas

We are not greatly impressed by the four Commissioners who are to investigate the conditions in the derelict areas, and to report to the Government what can be done to help them. Indeed, we doubt whether further investigation can be of much value. The situation in these areas has been fully surveyed already, and has been competently analysed and summed up in the required industrial surveys made two years ago. Here is indeed a case for "deeds not words." What is needed is not further investigation, but the will to act, especially by providing help for the planting or revival of new or old industries in these areas. This process clearly needs public help; for business men in search of areas in which to plant new enterprises are most unlikely to favour districts already burdened with high rates and existing under the shadow of prolonged distress. The new Commissioners savour too much of a means of further postponing the handling of a problem which cannot be successfully tackled without incurring a great deal of interested opposition. Business men, on the whole, do not want the State to step in; they would rather be left alone to found new factories where they please.

Iron and Steel

The iron and steel producers were considering last week-end the amended draft of their so-called reorganisation scheme, which is in fact not a reorganisation scheme at all, but at most no more than a plan for setting up an inclusive association for the whole industry with a view to possible measures of reorganisation in the indefinite future. This scheme, such as it is, has now been accepted; but a good many of the manufacturers themselves are highly critical of it, and others lukewarm. The finishing trades especially are afraid that the producers of crude steel will use it as a means of raising their prices to the prejudice of the export trade; and some of the more efficient producers fear that a quota arrangement will be devised in such a way as to perpetuate the existence of inefficient plants and to prevent the more efficient from producing at reasonable costs. Most of the industry does not really want a scheme at all, and only desires to put up a good enough show to implement the letter of the promises made when the tariff on imported iron and steel was made conditional on measures of reorganisation. A small minority, headed by Sir William Firth, favours State intervention as the only means of securing effective reorganisation with all-round fairness to the various sections of producers and consumers. The Government does not want to intervene; Mr. Runciman is a stern individualist in these matters; and probably we shall get a paper scheme that will postpone real reorganisation to the Greek Kalends.

Coal Mines Reorganisation

The Coal Mines Bill has been withdrawn on an undertaking by the colliery owners to make the required amendments in the existing control scheme without further legislation. It will be remembered that the Bill was introduced because the owners had failed to secure sufficient agreement among themselves to make possible the amendment of the scheme by order; so that it could be amended only by the passing of a new Act. The threat of such an Act has now brought the owners to an agreement among themselves. There will now be a co-ordination of selling prices between the various coalfields, and an agreed scheme for the regulation of exports; but these amendments will no longer need to be embodied in a new Act. This new control scheme, in its amended form, still entirely fails to apply any effective pressure for the reorganisation of the industry, or to put any real authority behind the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission, which has been vainly trying to bring about regional amalgamations. The amended scheme will strengthen the coal cartel in regulating output and prices as against the consumers; but it will do no more than the previous scheme to cheapen or improve the methods of producing and marketing coal.

Waterloo Bridge

It is very regrettable, though not very surprising, that the L.C.C.'s Waterloo Bridge project should be held up by the refusal of the Government to grant 60 per cent. of the cost from the Road Fund. The refusal is based on the constitutional ground that the House of Commons declared against such a grant when the same project was before it a few years ago, and that until it has altered its decision the Government are tied. Mr. Morrison thinks there is a good prospect that the House will change its mind at the first opportunity, and we hope he is right. The new bridge is urgently needed, by road and river users alike; "Rennie's masterpiece" simply will not do —and what is more, it will not even look right, when the long-delayed and much to be desired development on the south side has been carried out. That development, no doubt, Mr. Morrison has in mind for the future—and the not distant future, we trust. The new Waterloo Bridge must be tackled immediately, on the principle of first things first. But then must come the turn of Charing Cross and its hideous railway bridge, with the absurd station on one bank and the muddle of ignoble buildings on the other. The Charing Cross scheme will cost a lot of money. But with a London County Council which means to beautify London, and a Government which does not consider every form of public "economy" a cardinal virtue, the money can be found.

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JAPAN'S MONROE DOCTRINE

NOTHING is left now of the hope, or pretence, that the defiance from Tokio last week was a mere kite. The Japanese Government have approved this "informal verbal statement to the press by a spokesman of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs"—as, of course, they always intended to do. It is not the Japanese way to play games in the air; the story of Manchuria which began with the neatly staged incident in September, 1931, might have taught us that—or the earlier story of the absorption of Korea, with the proclamation of Japan's "paramount interest" in 1905 and her "protectorate" five years later. Nor are we taken in by the affected Japanese surprise at all the pother, or by the suggestion that there has been nothing but a "restatement" of a speech by Mr. Hirota some months ago, which, for some odd reason, none of us noticed. This latest move means business. It indicates, as one of the Japanese newspapers puts it, an epoch-making departure from the policy of co-operation with the Western Powers and the adoption of a new policy based on the principle that the affairs of the Far East are to be settled by Japan and China alone. The only amendment that one need make to that is the omission of the words "and China." If the Japanese schemes are successful, China will have precious little share in settling anything.

This statement amounts to nothing less—and indeed to a good deal more—than the assertion of a Monroe doctrine over China. The Japanese have, no doubt, certain immediate practical reasons for their action, and one (which will surprise many readers) is referred to by our City correspondent on another page of this issue. But the policy as laid down far transcends any particular issues of the moment. Here are two ominous paragraphs:

> Any joint operations undertaken by foreign Powers, even in the name of technical or financial assistance, at this particular moment after the Manchurian and Shanghai incidents are bound to acquire political significance. Undertakings of such nature, if carried through to the end, must give rise to complications that might eventually necessitate discussion of problems like division of China, which would be the greatest possible misfortune for China and at the same time would have the most serious repercussion upon Japan and East Asia.
>
> Japan, therefore, must object to such undertakings as a matter of principle, although she will not find it necessary to interfere with any foreign country negotiating individually with China on questions of finance or trade as long as such negotiations benefit China and are not detrimental to peace in East Asia

This is far-reaching enough. It does not stop at the objection to the supplying of China with war planes and military instructors and aerodromes. It implicitly asserts the right of Japan to decide what is good for China, what may or may not threaten peace in the Far East, whether any enterprise undertaken by a foreign Power in China (the construction or railways or roads, for example) may have a "political significance." What, in face of all this, becomes of the Nine Power Treaty, of Japan's repeated undertakings to respect the independence of China? And what value can anyone attach to the Japanese professions that nothing incompatible with the policy of the "open door" is intended. This brazen proclamation of "Hands off China" is not merely a normal effort to extend Japanese influence. It is a challenge to the world, and another step forward on the road of Japanese imperialism. Its "i"s have been dotted and its "t"s crossed by other "spokesmen." The Japanese Consul-General in Geneva, for instance, informs us that Japan's aim is to collaborate with the Asiatic Powers—which comprise, if you please (besides Japan herself and China), Siam, Manchukuo, Afghanistan, British India and the Philippines! It sounds like *opera bouffe*; but behind the comicality there lurks the quite serious ambition which dominates many Japanese minds—the ambition to master Asia and monopolise its markets. Other commentators call attention to the military side. The Japanese Ambassador in Berlin declares that his poor little country is fighting for its national security, and that equality in naval armaments is an imperative necessity—a plain hint of what we may expect at the naval conference in 1935, when the existing London Treaty expires. Simultaneously comes the report from Tokio that the Japanese air force is to be doubled within the next three years; the expenditure for this—a trifle of 44 million yen—has already been voted in the Budget.

The Japanese, who are no fools, must have expected a bad press; at any rate they have got it, everywhere except in Germany. Even their toadies in this country are driven to finding excuses for this new audacity, which can no longer be represented as legitimate self-defence or hailed as a well-deserved snub to the League of Nations, but obviously threatens material British interests. Its immediate effect on the prospects of disarmament must in all the circumstances be disastrous and conclusive. As for the League, it might be rallied, if there were any sense and guts in the nations; and it is possible, anyhow, that this development may be an added inducement to Soviet Russia to come in. The Russians have naturally indulged in some *Schadenfreude* over the spectacle of Japan flourishing the mailed fist at the "Imperialist Powers"; but from a more realistic point of view they welcome it as a diversion of Japanese designs from themselves (in so far as it does imply any such diversion) and as a move which is bound to worsen relations between Japan and America, where public opinion is indignant and alarmed, and strengthen those between America and the U.S.S.R. They see, too, that the traditional Anglo-Japanese amity, already weakened by acute commercial rivalry and by Japanese intrigue in India and Singapore, will be put to the severest strain. It would seem, then, on the face of it, that Japan's challenge is calculated, in a higher degree than the Manchurian affair, to unite the Western Powers against her; and but for pre-occupations of the Americans with their own economic crisis, and of Great Britain and France with the Nazi menace in Europe, instant opposition might be expected. But those pre-occupations have doubtless been taken into account by Japan, as well as the advantage she enjoys from her victorious aggression in Manchuria. To set against this, it may be said, is her own financial weakness; the national debt has soared into astronomical figures, expenditure on armaments is colossal, the industrialists are grumbling, and so are the peasants. But these difficulties are not likely to restrain the rulers of Japan; indeed they may well stimulate them to further adventure—to the economic conquest, first of China and then of territories beyond, as a remedy for the discontents at home.

Such is the situation that confronts the Western Powers. It is a situation which affects their honour, as guarantors of

Chinese rights; but that consideration, as we long ago discovered, will not count for much. What may count for more is the threat to everybody else's rights, to important interests, and legitimate interests, in China and farther afield. Is Eastern Asia to be the close preserve of Japan? That is, unquestionably, the aim of Japanese policy, and that is what is written plainly enough between the lines of this politely defiant "statement." The Powers, by their cowardice and disunity, have suffered one shameful defeat. They cannot afford another. And we hope that Sir John Simon will not be allowed to show that cynical complaisance to Japanese aggression which he showed throughout the last struggle, and to which, so far as one can judge from his attitude in the House of Commons this week, he is still inclined. We are bound by the Covenant, we are bound by the Nine Power Treaty, and we are bound by horse-sense, to say "No" to the Japanese claim. And we ought to make our "No" effective in close concert with America and Russia as well as with the others at whom the challenge is thrown.

WHERE NO WATER IS

ON April 12th two Bills were read a second time in the House of Commons. One was a Bill for the protection of salmon and trout and fresh-water fish against disease; the other might, with little exaggeration, be described as a Bill for the removal from the rivers, in which these fishes live for the whole or for part of their lives, of such protection as they have hitherto enjoyed. Both Bills were received by the House with, so far as one could judge, equal complacency. It is not my purpose to discuss the merits or demerits of The Diseases of Fish Bill, nor is it primarily on account of fish that the Water Supplies (Exceptional Shortage Orders) Bill calls for scrutiny, but the juxtaposition of the two Bills in the programme of business is not without interest, seeing how close is the relation between the flow and general condition of the rivers and the health of the fish that inhabit them.

The occasion of the Water Supplies Bill is a water famine, actual in some parts of the country, potential in others. Special measures are, beyond doubt, called for, but whether it is necessary for Parliament to divest itself of its powers and responsibilities in regard to water is open to argument. No one supposes that the drought will last for ever—in many parts of the country it is already broken and rivers are in flood—and the temporary nature of the present emergency is recognised in the Bill. Clause 1 limits the period of any order made under it to six months, and Clause 11 provides that the Act itself shall remain in force no longer than until the end of next year. But Clause 3 cuts right across these provisions by empowering the Minister of Health, by simple administrative orders, to authorise the execution of permanent works and the taking of water for an indefinite period from any source specified in the order. Therefore, if this Bill becomes law in its present form, the inhabitants of any watershed may by virtue of an Act of Parliament of strictly limited duration be deprived for ever of their rights and interests in the water supply of their area. Hitherto they have enjoyed at least this much protection, that Parliament alone could accord permission to others to take their water and settle the terms upon which it might be taken. Now they have no appeal except to a Minister in a panic. There has been much outcry recently about the encroachments of the bureaucracy on the liberties of the subject; but when it is proposed to oust the authority of Parliament in respect of so vital a matter as our water supplies nobody turns a hair.

What is now occurring is thoroughly consistent with our haphazard attitude towards all questions of water. Our conduct in this respect is, and for generations has been, that of the spendthrift fool who frivols away an inherited fortune. No country in the world is so greatly blessed as ours by an abundant natural supply of water; yet a single year of comparative drought finds us destitute of reserves. It is absurd to describe this as a sudden emergency. Water undertakers have realised for years that we were nearing an end of our resources, that underground supplies were being tapped almost to the limit of their capacity, that there were few more rivers the head waters of which could conveniently be impounded and that they must turn soon to the main rivers and streams. But a great part of these are so grossly polluted that they are unfit for use and, although they might be rendered innocuous by chlorination, most people have a natural disinclination to drink or to wash in chlorinated sewage effluent. Therefore, the water undertakers have lately allied themselves with those who have been fighting an uphill fight to keep some of our rivers clean for the preservation of what their opponents commonly describe as "a few paltry fish."

Pollution, however, is not the whole of the story, although it is a great part of it. For years past the combined activities of builders of houses and constructors of roads have been making an increasing area of the country impervious to water. The old roads have been surfaced with waterproof material, thousands of acres of good land have been taken out of cultivation for the construction of superfluous new roads—superfluous because we have the finest railway system in the world—new houses are springing up everywhere like crops of mushrooms, and nobody in authority seems to have realised the inevitable result. The rain that falls upon these impervious surfaces is swept to the nearest watercourse, flooding results, and the drainage authorities exert all their powers to send it as quickly as may be to the sea. It should have been obvious that these developments, tending as they do to starve our underground reservoirs, called for counter measures, not in the way of throwing water away but in the way of saving it. But then it ought also to have been obvious long before this that it was unfair to the inhabitants of a watershed that their supplies should be filched for the benefit of some remote town, whose inhabitants made no effort to conserve their own rainfall or to keep their filth out of the river which, as a rule, flows past their doors. In the former respect even the more enlightened communities, those that treat their sewage and seek to discharge a harmless effluent, are blameworthy. One of the principal difficulties they encounter in dealing with their sewage arises from storm water which floods their sewers, yet few, if any, of them make any effort to store and use the rain that falls upon their roofs and streets and thus mitigate their demands upon the resources of others. Similarly most of the drainage authorities have but one thought, which is to get rid of water as fast as they can instead of spreading it and storing it for the public benefit. Surely such a task is not beyond the competence of British engineers, whose works of irrigation and conservation in other countries are among the wonders of the world.

Without water man cannot live and, indeed, life as we know it is impossible. It is probable that in water life had its first beginning. The pangs of hunger are as nothing by comparison with the agonies of thirst. Water is essential to practically every process of manufacture; it is an invaluable source of power; around water, if it has not been fouled by man, Nature is most abundant and most beautiful; in, upon, and about water the healthiest and most refreshing recreations can be enjoyed, and yet it has never been regarded, or at any rate treated, in this country as worth a moment's forethought as a matter of national concern.

A few of us have hoped that the present drought would open the eyes of the nation and that there might at last be set up a competent commission to study, control, husband and develop our water supplies, a commission fit to think out and to execute a water policy for the country and to hold the balance fairly between interests which may seem to conflict, though in fact the interest of all is the same—clean water and plenty of it in the right places. But what is the conclusion of the matter? Parliament cheerfully divesting itself of its responsibilities

and handing over our water supplies to the tender mercies of a Minister who can think of no better way of dealing with the present shortage than further and unfettered spoliation.

J. B.

THE SECOND SPRING

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY]

THE mystery of Hitlerism becomes increasingly obscure. By now the outside world demands to be told whether the Nazi experiment can hope for economic success, whether National Socialism has really won Germany's heart, whether it is in fact to be controlled from the Right or from the Left, whether it must be regarded as the herald of peace or of war. Yet he who attempts to answer these questions "yes" or "no" is guilty of an over-simplification which is full of danger.

Through the roar of propaganda, one or two facts emerge with regard to the economic position. There is no doubt that the number of people on the dole has substantially decreased. Industry, quite apart from taking on more hands by order, is more active, partly because of the demand for boots, uniforms and other objects of a military complexion. Manufacturers have been compelled to use up the capital normally retained for covering depreciation costs, while the motor industry is only one of those which has been led forward with a large carrot held before its mouth. Apart from the rise in the cost of living (due to agricultural policy), money wages are down; indeed, both Dr. Göbbels and Dr. Ley have been strikingly frank in their references to the sacrifices which the times have demanded from the worker. The organisation of Winter Relief in Germany was good in Brüning's days, but it would be ridiculous to belittle the enormous sum, 320 million marks, collected by whatever methods last winter. The Winter Relief organisation is particularly proud of the stimulus it has supplied to the potato and the coal market, by judicious buying up of these commodities. Sometimes, however, the relief breaks down altogether. I know of one human eligible applicant who received nothing but salt to eat. Agriculture has been completely socialised under the direction of Herr Darré, whose incessant references to *Blut und Boden* have earned him the delightful nickname of "Blubo." The inheritance law of the Nazi Government may, however, be defined as a pro-kulak policy, and it is already tending to drive younger sons off the land. The farmer, as opposed to the agricultural labourer, is undoubtedly better off, for the State is seeing to it that he gets better prices.

On the whole it seems true to say that the home market has been goaded into more rapid movement, though one cannot feel sure that the national purchasing capacity has really increased. The financial and foreign trade positions are obviously pretty desperate. The Budget, which most experts find almost incomprehensible, achieves a precarious balance by completely omitting various expenses, such, for instance, as house reparation and motor road subsidies, and the money for marriage allowances. Germany is being very seriously cold-shouldered in the world market. England is probably her kindest neighbour, and it is worth observing that the surplus of Germany's exports to, over her imports from, England has been steadily increasing. The foreign debt question which is just coming up for further negotiation is a thorny one. To pay her debts would probably mean that Germany would have to let her unemployment figures rise again; to repudiate makes it impossible to buy the raw materials which her reviving industries need. Still the debtor always has the last word.

Now, in these grim circumstances, has Germany become National Socialist at heart? The intellectuals were always sceptical; it makes no difference that they have become more so. The Protestant opposition is being very ably finished off by an apparently conciliatory Government move which seems likely to involve the suppression of all groups in the Evangelical Church in the name of true co-operation. The German Christians will then be able to pursue their normal activities as good Nazis while the opposition pastors can be jumped upon as factious. The conflict with the Catholic Church is more fundamental and more acute, and the tension in Bavaria is proportionately great. In Munich, the Catholic opposition in the person of its spokesman, Cardinal Faulhaber, is face to face with the Nazi extremists at the Brown House. The Nazis have imposed a Protestant Kultus Minister on Catholic Bavaria, and a Protestant mayor upon even more Catholic Munich. The Bavarian Cabinet has allowed the Bavarian police flagrantly to infringe the Concordat of last July, and the Pope in return refused to receive Vice-Chancellor von Papen during his recent stay in Rome. This is not the mere squabble with a few reactionary priests which the Nazis pretend; it is the conflict between those who put race above humanity and those who put humanity above race, and Cardinal Faulhaber's sermons make the best seller of the Berlin bookshops. Moreover, the struggle cannot be kept strictly within the frontiers of Germany nor strictly within the authority of the German Secret Police.

The state of mind of the workers of Germany is, perhaps, the most perplexing enigma one has to face. There is a favourite story about the S.A. man who said, "There's only one thing wrong with our Storm troop, we have one Nazi in it." Of course there are unshaken Communists, as Captain Röhm admitted last week. Of course there is grumbling; the prospect of long hours' marching and standing about on the occasion of the May 1st Festival is widely resented; there are bitter memories of the breakdown in sanitary organisation last year. On the same day the new Labour Law is to come into force. Old Social Democrats are horrified by the complete absence of statutory guarantees for workers' rights, but in fact the law gives the thirteen Labour Trustees a free hand, and if the influence of Göbbels and Ley were to triumph, the employers would be helpless. The Labour Trustees are appointed by Ley's Ministry of Labour, and if a protest were lodged against them through the Ministry of Economic Affairs the final decision might still go against the employers.

Up to date, of course, the Left Wing of the Party has been fed chiefly with hope, and many of the young Storm Troopers and Storm Guards are becoming more and more discontented with this diet. On the other side, there is bitter indignation at the Treaty with Poland, and at the survival of the Jews in industry and finance. Perhaps the prevalent feeling is one of disgust with the men about Hitler. The Chancellor's popularity is little impaired, but it has become increasingly clear to Germans within and without the party that policy with regard to Capital and Labour, or with regard to centralist Reich Reform depends, not upon any principle, but upon personal rivalry and intrigue. Right against Left, States *versus* the Reich, are roughly questions of Reichswehr *versus* Storm Troops, or Göring, Schmitt and Schacht *versus* Göbbels, Ley and Röhm. On the whole the last three appear at the moment to be gaining ground. Göring has lost the control of the Prussian Secret Police to the S.S. Leader, Himmler, who already controls the Secret Police in all the other States. The Reich Chamber of Culture deprives Göring of further influence and the new Reich Education Ministry will do the same. Both Schmitt and Schacht give an impression of insecurity and disillusionment. The Reichswehr Generals seem likely to keep an expert hold upon the new short-term army which is to be three times the size of the army allowed by the Peace Treaties, but they will obviously have to take on the pick of the Brown Shirts. When Röhm made his speech to the foreign diplomats and press on April 18th, it was significant that the Reichswehr Chief of Staff, Fritsch, could find no seat, and was leaving in disgust when Dr. Göbbels chose to come to his rescue.

Many people are still eagerly trying to show that the Storm Troops are a company of peaceful young persons who have dressed themselves up as soldiers quite by accident. The old Reichswehr of the Schleicher-Hammerstein days never indulged in flamboyant militarism; it is much more alarming

to contemplate the spirit of the new army of 300,000 to which the S.S. will obviously contribute large numbers. Captain Röhm's speech, while on the one hand insisting upon the retention of the Storm Troops (however much France complains), on the other indulged in ambiguous but ominous threats. The Reichswehr, he said, was needed to fight foreigners and the Storm Troops to carry through the Revolution at home; should Germany, however, be attacked from outside, the Storm Troops, and all other Germans with them, would fanatically defend her soil. The implication that the Reichswehr had a job other than the defence of German soil was, to say the least, a careless one. The evening before the S.S. had given their spring concert, and Hitler and most of the Ministers of the Reich applauded the singing of Körner's songs of blood and revenge, which were written for the War of Liberation in 1813. It should be noted that the diplomats and the foreign journalists had all been invited to other entertainments on that evening.

The atmosphere in Germany to-day is strangely reminiscent of the later days of William II, an atmosphere of nervous threats and personal intrigue. There is a funny little outburst of *marinusmus*, too, in the new names of old streets which are now appearing as Tirpitz Ufer, Graf Speestrasse and Skagerakplatz, and this, too, at the expense of Hohenzollern names; books about Germany's old colonies are becoming more conspicuous. Yet it is neither at sea nor even on land that Germany's ambitions find their fullest expression; under cover of Air Defence (no one knows whence air attack should daily be expected), a tremendous programme of aerial armament is rapidly progressing.

It is idle to deny that National Socialism has deep popular roots, especially among the youths, who are busily entering for the Government prize competitions and collecting National Welfare money. It is idle to suppose that the Hitler regime can be overthrown in a sensational fashion next week. Yet by playing with the fantasy of war, does not the Third Reich show the very signs of suicidal mania which marked the Reich of William II?

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE never thought Mosley negligible and was not surprised at the success of his Albert Hall meeting on Sunday. He is eloquent and impressive and had no need to define his policy with precision. Of course when about thirty per cent. of the audience is *claque* one expects hearty and well-timed applause. But the meeting showed that there is large outside support from the middle classes. The greatest applause was for air-arming and for a promise to reduce income tax. The dubieties of Fascist economics passed unnoticed and Mosley's plan of using force against Ireland and India, while keeping at peace with other countries better able to defend themselves, made an instant appeal to armchair patriots. But English Fascism attracts not only the Jingo, the bully, and the man with a grudge; it appeals to a considerable body of well-intentioned people who are genuinely dissatisfied with present conditions. Fascism not only promises to rid England of everything from unemployment to sinister aliens in the City; it provides an exciting and thrilling way of doing these things. None of the other political parties offers its followers any opportunity to run any personal risk. A man burning with zeal to save humanity is likely to be suspicious of a party which tells him all that is required of him is that he should vote once in every five years. Other parties could learn a great deal from Mosley about the technique of mobilising enthusiasm among their supporters. For this reason the very successful little scheme of some young South London Socialists at the Albert Hall meeting has a wider significance. Fascists hurrying to the meeting stopped to take a "free programme" offered by black-shirted boys and girls who surrounded the Hall, much to the disgust of the official programme sellers who were offering their wares at sixpence each. The "free programme" entitled "British Fascism Explained" was sold out within half an hour and nearly three thousand of Mosley's audience, including many of his uniformed followers, carried with them into the Hall one of the best pieces of anti-Fascist propaganda ever produced in England. Adopting the Fascist motto that it is "DEEDS not WORDS that speak" the leaflet gave examples from Italy, Austria and Germany of "the unbelieveable things that Fascism can do for England."

> You have heard that the legal wage for an adult woman working in the fields [in Italy] is 2½d. an hour. This is quite true. At first you think this terrible. Any decent person would. But consider again. Ought a woman to work in the fields at all? No. As LEADER HITLER says, a woman's place is in the kitchen, in Church, and in bed. Fascists believe in putting woman back where she belongs. British Fascism means to teach the housewife how to buy more food on less wages.

* * *

My Unconscious must have some subtle reason for making me lose during the last few days two copies of H. N. Brailsford's new book, *Property or Peace* (Gollancz, 5s.). Perhaps I have a secret and benevolent desire to educate busmen. Perhaps the questions that arise out of the book are so troublesome that I dare not carry them about with me. Perhaps I am jealous of Brailsford for writing so brilliant a book and so drop it about, unconsciously pretending that it is an egg that I have laid myself. In any case, I've read it and believe it to be the best analysis of the problems that confront the world that has appeared since the economic crisis, the failure of the League and the rise of Fascism on the Continent began to put all the "Left" into its present intellectual confusion. As a writer Brailsford is witty and eloquent as well as lucid, and he has the advantage of being able to illustrate his thesis with examples drawn from a long and expert study of practical affairs in almost every part of the world. Thus, not content with general propositions about the impossibility of controlling or planning capitalism, he presents a masterly summary of the course of the Roosevelt experiment. Again, when discussing Imperialism, he indulges in no vague generalities, but explains with an unusual combination of honesty and exact knowledge what truth there is in talking of the "tribute" paid by India to this country. I enjoyed, particularly, his exposition of the thesis that whereas it was once possible to say, in Chamberlain's phrase, that "the Empire is commerce," to-day it is truer to say that "the Empire is debt." Brailsford's conclusions, of course, introduce questions of value and of expediency about which people must endlessly differ. But he presents some intellectual problems which ought to be capable of theoretical solution. I wish, for instance, that economists of different schools would set to work to give an answer to the question whether the idea of controlling or planning capitalism is or is not a self-contradictory idea.

* * *

I must confess to a certain surprise when I learnt that the West African students in London were calling a public meeting at 7.30 in Essex Hall on Monday night to protest against moving into a very comfortable new hostel. The hostel is called Aggrey House; it is being paid for from the proceeds of colonial taxation and it is to be opened by the Prince of Wales in a few weeks' time. What could be better? Why this perversity? The answer given me is that there is already an African Hostel in Camden Town which is not nearly so convenient and "well appointed" as Aggrey House, but which is very happily run by the West African students themselves. They feel independent there, and fear that Aggrey House will be run by a mixture of missionary, philanthropic and Colonial Office influences. The students' worst fears are confirmed by the new Sedition Bill now being introduced in West Africa. It establishes a close censorship over the "literature" which West Africans may receive in their own country, and the students in England, perhaps naturally, regard Aggrey House, which the Colonial Office somewhat suddenly decided to substitute for the hostel in Camden Town, as an effort to tighten control over them in this country

at the time when freedom is being filched from their race at home. They point to restrictions which have been applied to student meetings in similar Indian hostels; they fear that at Aggrey House discussion will be censored and their actions and opinions watched over for further reference by the authorities. They may be exaggerating the danger of the change, but they are so sure of their ground that I hear that they will not even discuss a compromise. At present they simply refuse to have anything to do with Aggrey House.

* * *

London tenants belong to a long-suffering race, because, I imagine, the laws of "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England" have, ever since the reign of King Richard II (God rest his soul!) been made by landlords for landlords. I think it must have been of the landlords that Shakespeare was thinking when he called the English a "happy breed of men." Take one instance of the problem that confronts some friends of mine. Their landlord, a member of the House of Lords, owns very nearly a solid square mile of "this England"; his is indeed a "blessed plot," for it happens to be situated in the very heart of London. He owns therefore an absolute monopoly of all the houses in this area; no one can take one of those houses except upon the landlord's terms. His terms are the most stringent form of what is politely known to the law (and impolitely, as a rule, by the unfortunate tenant) as a repairing lease. One has to live somewhere, even if you are an Englishman and a Londoner, and some twelve years ago these people acquired the tail end of a lease from this landlord. The lease came to an end this year and he has been good enough to renew it for another ten years. Everyone in this house is going to live in the same rooms in exactly the same way as during the previous period. But the noble landlord is insisting upon their rebuilding his house inside and out, repapering and repainting it inside and out. They did not want new paper on the walls of their rooms, but what does that matter? They have had to have it and pay for it. Their rent has been about doubled and on top of this they will have to pay something over £400 to the builder who is building the landlord a new house. At the end of another ten years the process will be repeated—unless, my friends suggest, they and other London tenants have been driven by that time to turn communist!

* * *

I had a delicious experience in Sunday's sunshine. Walking by one of the little rivers that run between the Cotswold hills I saw a hare crouching fifty yards ahead of me. I stood still and found that the fields were full of hares. They took no notice of me at all; they chased each other in wide circles, they jumped backwards and forwards over streams, they danced in groups, they made love and fought mimic battles. Two of them deliberately chased a fine-feathered cock pheasant into a wood and another went straight for some wild ducks in the marshland by the stream and watched them rise like a dog which puts up partridges. The ducks passed over my head with that peculiar wiry twanging of their wings. I looked down again and saw a hare lolloping past me at an easy speed, as one who says, "It's a good day for a little sport; what shall I do next?"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

We saved over £3,000 a year in costs by changing the colour scheme of our toilet powder cartons from a combination of pale shades to black and gold. By an optical illusion the new packs appeared to be the same size as the old ones. Actually they were made slightly smaller and held a little less of each product. As they sold at the original prices, the profit, naturally, was a little more.—Managing Director of a Toilet Manufactory.—Quoted in *Business*.

I have found that another use which can be made of the *Times* is to provide excellent paper on which to portray fish of which one desires a record.—Correspondent in the *Times*.

St. Andrew's Hospital for Mental Disorders, Northampton. For the Upper and Middle Classes only.—Advert.

I first met Mr. John Dean on the press launch following the Boat Race five years ago and he recalled to me that on that occasion he witnessed the most sporting incident he had ever known.

On the other side of him sat two titled men—Lord Chesterfield and Lord Portarlington, he thought. One favoured Oxford and the other Cambridge. Before the start they discussed whether Cambridge could make the scores level at 40 victories each. As Cambridge passed the winning post they embraced, and were unashamed of the tears that stood in their eyes. "To think we should have lived to see this day," said the Oxford supporter, unmindful that his University had been beaten.

"There is something in sport when great men can behave like that," said Mr. Dean.—Daily paper.

Mr. Frankau protested against what he described as Continental snobbery. He advocated British cures for British invalids.—*Times*

I cannot believe that this interfering effort to make the public twenty-four hour-conscious can have originated at the B.B.C. Even the brightest of the bright broadcasting boys would surely not be allowed so much licence. No, I believe our dear Government has got some weird scheme up its sleeve which will enable it to pry more deeply into our private lives and has suborned the B.B.C. to do the dirty work. The B.B.C., with a great show of conferring a benefit on humanity, has quietly knuckled under to Downing Street and the ordinary listener, as usual, will have to put up with the consequences. —*Saturday Review*.

Hungary is this summer to send over some of its loveliest representatives to visit England. For, encouraged by the great success of last year, the organisers of the Anglo-Hungarian exchange trains are arranging similar trains this year.

In exchange for the first batch of Hungarian beauty in the first train on May 19, a group of 25 M.P.s is leaving for Budapest. —*Daily Mail*.

The Bible was a British book, and the Anglo-Saxon race was made responsible for its distribution and for the proclamation of its contents. The story of the race, its pedigree and ancestry, was in it.—Mr. Morey speaking at the British-Israel World Federation.

But as long as Mr. MacDonald is Prime Minister of England—Russia will be permitted to rob us in all and any way she pleases, for it must never be forgotten that England is being ruled by the Soviet.—*Saturday Review*.

THE SIN OF IMPATIENCE

DURING the week, Members of Parliament have been pointing out to the House of Commons for the thousandth time that speed is not the cause of road accidents. There are few things more creditable to human beings than faith, and when faith proves to be impregnable against all the assaults of fact and unhallowed reason we honour it even when we do not share it. There are few faiths of our time that have stood all the tests more magnificently than the belief of certain Members of Parliament in the innocence of speed. The number of deaths and other accidents on the roads mounts up, and the greater the number the stronger grows the conviction that speed had nothing to do with them. The M.P.s admit that there must be a mysterious cause of road-accidents somewhere, but, try as they will, they cannot make out what it is. All they are certain of is that speed is not the villain of the piece.

We cannot, I admit, fairly make speed the culprit until we have considered all possible alternatives. It is only reasonable for example, to ask ourselves whether the multiplicity of road accidents may not be largely due to the existence of children

and old people. Everyone who has studied child life knows how children regard fast traffic merely as a means to their amusement. In the old days of horse-traffic, they deliberately organised races across the street under the noses of trotting horses. They play on railway tracks when the eyes of their elders are off them. In the absence of the police, they play football in the street till the hooting motorist has all but run them down. They have also an unpleasant habit of suddenly chasing each other from the pavement into the middle of the road, and wrestling with each other, so preoccupied with their enjoyments that they have no eyes for oncoming motor lorries. The child, in other words, has a habit of impeding the motorist that can be very annoying. The motorist has either to take his foot off the accelerator or hoot ahead and risk knocking the child down. Which is he to do? After all, he is not responsible for the children's folly or for the folly of their parents in allowing them to play in the street. If anybody must suffer, surely it ought not to be he, who is innocent of everything except a desire to make a proper use of his car on a public highway. I fear—in fact, I am sure—that children cannot entirely be acquitted of blame for accidents on the road.

As for old people, everybody knows how the suppleness of the legs diminishes with age, and what an unconscionable time an old woman of eighty takes to cross a London street. I watched an old woman crossing Holborn the other day, and it was almost pathetic to see her helplessness to adapt herself to the conditions of modern traffic. Even when, during a lull in the traffic, she hobbled off to an island in the middle of the street, she hobbled so slowly that motor-cars that were scarcely in sight when she began her journey had to slow down to enable her to reach the island in safety. She then stood on the island, nervously waiting for an opening to get across. She made several hesitating attempts to set out, frightening one motorist after another unnecessarily. She was like a relic of a dying world, standing bewildered on the shore of the tumultuous tide of progress. There was room for such as she in centuries of semi-civilised slowness. Is there any room for her to-day? How is it possible for a decelerated old woman and an accelerated new car to share the same London street in safety? And if, in the interest of road safety, one of the two must go, who that believes in progress can doubt which it ought to be? I cannot help thinking that if children and old people were confined to their houses in crowded areas and forbidden to use the streets, the figures for motoring accidents would be substantially diminished.

Even then, however, a number of speed-impeders would remain, and accidents would still happen. The ordinary pedestrian as well as the child and the old person takes extraordinary risks in crossing the road. There are pedestrians who take a perverse delight in holding up motorists and who get into the hedge as slowly as possible when they hear a motor-horn behind them in a narrow country-lane. There is a ridiculous tradition in England that the pedestrian has the right of the road; but the pedestrian often acts on the assumption that this includes the right to obstruct motorists in their use of the road. Can motorists be blamed if they, for their part, act on the assumption that the wheels of the motor-car are the wheels of progress, and that it is the slowness of the pedestrian, not the speed of the motorist, that makes the roads dangerous?

It is easy indeed, to make out a case for the theory that the majority of accidents are due, not to speed, but to slowness. In nine accidents out of ten it will be found that somebody was too slow to get out of the way in time. If the slower party of the two had had just a little more speed, the other party would have missed him. This is true not only as regards pedestrians but as regards cyclists and slow motorists. What an obstructive nuisance the cyclist can be, everyone who has driven a car knows. And, as for the slow motorist, it is a well-known fact that he is even more dangerous than the pedestrian. How selfishly he takes up half the road, compelling the faster motorist behind him to pass him at the wrong place and so risk a smash involving two or three cars! I have so often suffered from the selfishness of the slow driver—the road-tortoise as he might be called in contrast to the road-hog—that I can sympathise with those who denounce him as the most dangerous of all the users of the road.

From what I have written, it will be clear that I am not one of those who believe that speed is the cause of all road accidents. And yet I cannot help believing that the usual cause is excessive speed at the particular moment of the accident. Almost any speed is safe on an ideal road on which every driver, every cyclist, and every pedestrian do the right thing at the right moment. Unfortunately, such ideal roads do not exist in England. On the actual roads you are always sure to find a small percentage of fools, some in motor cars, some on bicycles and some on foot. In such circumstances, the good driver is the man who drives at such a pace that he will always be able to pull up in time to avoid an accident merely caused by a fool. Many drivers set out with the assumption that every other user of the roads will behave perfectly, and make no allowance for the imperfections of human nature. They take for granted that every other driver will give the right signal, and that nobody, whether motorist or pedestrian, will cross the road till it is safe to do so. It is not possible to drive safely, however, except on the assumption that a number of other people will make mistakes.

The ultimate sin in driving, however, is not the amiable sin of believing that everybody else will behave with common sense, but the unamiable sin of impatience. Hurry, not speed, is the cause of road accidents. Believing this, I pay very little heed to the arguments of those who object to the imposition of a thirty-mile speed-limit in crowded areas on the ground that most of the accidents occur when cars are travelling at moderate speeds. In the first place, I do not accept their evidence. Evidence about speed is usually given at an inquest, and at inquests dead men tell no tales. Spectators cannot always estimate the speed of a car, and the surviving driver, apart from his natural desire to underestimate the speed at which he was driving at the time of the accident, frequently tells the coroner how fast he thinks he was driving at the actual moment of the accident, not how fast he was driving before he slowed down in an attempt to avoid the accident. I am sure that, if he could speak the truth, he would confess, in nine cases out of ten, that he was hurrying and taking certain risks with his own life and the lives of other people in doing so. A thirty-mile speed-limit in town will at least do something to discourage the impatient motorist from hurrying to excess. It has already done so in Oxford, and the diminution of hurry has resulted in a diminution of accidents.

The impatient man—the man who does not know when it is the right moment to go slow as well as when it is the right moment to go fast—has always been a curse to his fellow-men. In war he has led armies to disaster: in revolutions he has destroyed the happiness and the lives of thousands of his fellow-creatures. He feels that he is a man of action only when he is in a hurry, and he does not pause to count the consequences to other people. The modern craze for dictatorship is largely a craze for getting things done in a hurry. To me it seems that, on the contrary, the chief need of modern politics is not to get things done in a hurry but to get things done with all humane speed—which, ultimately, I think, gets the best things done faster. Certainly the impatient motorist—an exception, it should be said, among motorists, most of whom drive considerately—with his recklessness of the consequences of his impatience for others, is an unpleasant symbolic figure of the new age of hurry. To him other human beings are simply obstructors of the traffic, not fallible mortals with rights of their own who must be considered and for whom some allowance must be made. If he disappeared from the roads, I am convinced that accidents would be reduced by ninety per cent. in a single year. And at the end of the year he himself would have a much better chance of being alive to tell the tale. Y. Y.

Correspondence

SECURITY IN THE AIR

SIR,—The French Note has unfortunately made many people overlook the statement of the views of the German and Italian Governments. It is not yet widely realised how much had been achieved by the efforts of the British Government in co-operation with them. Great Britain, Germany and Italy had accepted supervision. It was hoped that bombing planes at any rate would be abandoned generally and completely in the second five years of the 10-year Disarmament Convention. Germany did not demand that the measures of disarmament by the highly armed powers should take place in the first five years; only demanded a definitely limited defensive Air Force of short-range machines, not including bombers, from the beginning of the Convention; offered to submit the paramilitary formations to a precise and drastic system of regulation " to be verified by supervision."

It is inconceivable that we should do nothing now to realise the agreement that has come so near. Whether or not it is strictly our turn to make proposals, this is no moment for pride or mere formality, and the British Government will surely now take the initiative—in the hope that the French Government and people cannot really have spoken their last word and must know that (to quote the *Times* leading article of April 19th) " the best way to keep a check on (German) rearmament must surely be by a system of investigation, and that can only follow the conclusion of a convention."

What can we do? In the first place we can ourselves offer to France (and of course to all the signatories) precise guarantees of the execution of a Convention based on the British proposals as modified by Germany, in the form of a graded system of sanctions, economic and military. There is strong reason to believe that British public opinion, while it might not be willing to engage in new commitments to guarantee frontiers (of whose justice it is not in every case convinced), would gladly go as far as is necessary effectively to guarantee a Disarmament Convention (whose observance concerns everyone directly)—the more so if it contained substantial reductions, as well as limitation and automatic supervision, of armaments.

But what could we do, supposing the French Government were to demand still further measures of security? May I briefly and diffidently suggest how we might meet such a difficulty by constructively handling the key problem of the menace from the air? (It was, it seems, fear of this menace, in connection with German civil aviation, that provoked the French Note.) The British Government should put forward a definite set of proposals for the complete internationalisation of transport aviation and the abolition of bombing aircraft, to be carried out within two years from the signing of the Convention. Without prejudice to the proposed inquiry into the possibility of abolishing military and naval aviation altogether (at which the problem of controlling private aviation should also be dealt with), each of the nations would retain meanwhile a small defensive air force of short-range machines, strictly limited in numbers and characteristics.

The favourite argument of those who oppose the internationalisation of air transport is that it would not prevent *all* possibility of the misuse of civil aviation. The answer is, of course, that though we cannot make air attacks impossible we can make them nearly impossible, and it is our duty to do so; nothing will justify us in continuing the present situation of growing peril. But I beg those to whom the objection quoted remains serious to consider whether the above combination of proposals would not nullify the risk of an immediate advance. Anyone who has read the minutes of the Air Commission of the Disarmament Conference will realise that the proposal to internationalise civil aviation might provide that practical measure of security now urgently required to save the negotiations. JONATHAN GRIFFIN

Essential News,
65 Portland Place, W.1.

THE ROAD TO PEACE

SIR,—Are we to despair of ever returning to that international appeasement and co-operation which, since the Armistice and the foundation of the League of Nations, have been held up to us as not only an ideal but a practical objective?

The mere sonorous rehearsal of pious platitudes—to which far too often the efforts of European statesmen have been confined during the past fifteen years—will never bring them about. There is no chance of establishing better international relations, unless gestures of goodwill of a most practical kind by the leading Powers should pave the way.

If a new attempt in this direction is to be made, neither Great Britain nor the British Commonwealth could be expected to act alone. Yet the position of our great Commonwealth would be a proud one in history were we ourselves to assume the initiative and to persuade others to join us. I should be trespassing on too much of your space if I endeavoured to cite more than a few examples. But these few may suffice to illustrate my purpose.

In the first place I would urge that, with a view to promoting the restoration of mutual confidence, Great Britain should be prepared to advocate the allocation to Germany of a share in the League Mandates, including those at present in our trust. It should not be impossible to do this under conditions which would not justify fear or resentment on the part of the Union of South Africa.

Again, recent events on the Middle Danube have brought Italy and Austria into close collaboration and friendship. In view of this reconciliation between two hereditary foes, will not Signor Mussolini, with the foresight and sagacity that are so peculiarly his own, endeavour to perpetuate this friendship and collaboration by the grant of generous concessions to Austria in the Southern Tyrol? Would not he also consolidate the existing and essential amity between Italy and Greece by some readjustment of the present status of the Dodecanese, which would take all due account of Italy's legitimate naval interests in the Eastern Mediterranean?

I now turn to an issue which touches us very closely in Lancashire. Thanks to the maintenance of law and order in India, and to the great work carried out there in public education, in irrigation, in sanitation, and in many other ways, that vast population has benefited enormously under British administration. Are we not fully entitled to something in return for these inestimable benefits—to a measure of preference sufficient to ensure for the cotton manufacturers of Great Britain that share of the Indian market for cotton goods which manufacturers in India are still unable themselves to supply?

In another direction, it must be admitted that an outlet is needed for the teeming population of the Indian sub-continent, as it has been so aptly described. Why should not our friends at the Antipodes be willing to throw open to Indian emigration a tropical zone in Northern Australia which no white people can inhabit? On this much-discussed question I should not presume even to suggest where a line might be drawn across the Australian Continent, south of which there would still be no entrance for a coloured people. Obviously, however, such a line could be drawn. Here is but one, although an important, illustration of the manner in which our Australian kinsmen could co-operate in a world-wide effort to mend present conditions. A. H. CROSFIELD

Athens.

THE ITALIAN DICTATORSHIP

SIR,—As a consequence of the " plebiscite " of March 25th in Italy, the Fascist propagandists, in England as elsewhere, have declared that the whole of the Italian nation is completely devoted to the dictatorship. In contradiction to such an assertion it is enough to cite the names and qualities of certain intellectuals who were arrested in Turin a few days ago, under suspicion of being favourable to democratic ideals. Among them are Mrs. Barbara Allasson, ex professor of German at the University of Turin, who was dismissed from her post a few years ago because of her friendship with the Liberal philosopher B. Croce; L. Ginzburg, prof. of German, G. Levi, prof. of anatomy, U. Cosmo, prof. of literature, all of them teaching at the University of Turin; C. Levi and A. Monti, both of them very well known authors; a great number of students and professional men. Even a boy of 11 years old, Nino Artom, was arrested and kept during many days in the cells of the Secret Political Police Headquarters in Turin.

As among the arrested persons were some Jews, the 67 Fascist daily papers which compose the whole of the Italian press have all published a very violent anti-Semitic article. Until now Fascism and Nazism differed chiefly in respect of their different behaviour towards the Jews; but as time goes on the perfect identity between the two regimes becomes more and more evident.

ITALICUS

THE BUDGET

SIR,—We regret that the Chancellor has failed to apply his first principle of using his surplus to relieve those classes who suffered most when the crisis was acute. His partial restoration of the unemployment pay cuts at the expense more or less equally of the Unemployment Insurance Fund and of the Exchequer is a small step to help those to whom the crisis is still very real in under-nourishment and poverty.

The Children's Allowance still stands at 2*s.* a week; the Means Test is still enforced; while the cost of Statutory Benefit to the unemployed is still borne to a large extent by working-class families. The 6*d.* off the income tax, a restoration of twenty millions as against four millions to the unemployed, will benefit each of us to the extent of a pound or so a year.

As a protest against what we consider the inequality of distribution of the surplus, we have decided to send part or all of this added income to organisations definitely working to combat the malnutrition which is the greatest evil resulting from widespread poverty. Charity we consider to be of little value at this stage. The organisations selected by us are the Committee Against Malnutrition, 19c Eagle Street, W.C.1, and the Children's Minimum Committee, Thames House, Millbank, S.W.1.

Perhaps others will follow our example. We feel that now is the time to express our indignation at the Budget in some practical way.

J. D. BERNAL, J. R. MARRACK,
NOEL BRINTON, M. C. KIRBY,
JANET M. VAUGHAN

20 Manchester Square, W.1.

THE TITHE BILL

SIR,—One is indeed sorry and surprised to find THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION regarding the Tithe Bill with something like approval, since this measure is more hypocritical even than the Incitement to Disaffection Bill which you so ably and commendably criticise.

The Tithe Bill, falsely pretending to abate an injustice, is intent merely to strengthen and secure it.

Its real object is not (save in a negligible degree) to retrieve the bitter grievance of the tithe-payer; but rather to fasten on him more firmly the fetters of a feudal ecclesiastical tax; to turn it into a personal debt; and to clothe it with legal sanctions and remedies which, since its creation, never attached to it.

And why? Simply to preserve its priestly exactors from the odium justly provoked by the spectacle of their present methods of collecting it; to enable them to clutch secretly and decorously that for which centuried law (well aware of its dubious nature) has given only one narrow remedy.

As the law stands at present, unlike any other debt (*a*) only limited arrears of tithe can be recovered; (*b*) and those only within a limited period; (*c*) by one sole remedy on process in an inferior Court; (*d*) the costs of which are severely limited as against the tithe owner.

All these incidents of safeguard are to be swept away; and one of the richest of Churches is to be enabled to ride rough shod, aided by every process of law, over the impoverished tithe-payer.

5 Gray's Inn Square, W.C.1. W. J. WENHAM

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—It is distressing to read about the havoc which, it is alleged, has been wrought in a child's mind by the "cuff" he received from a schoolmaster, down whose neck he very courageously poured a cup of tea. But are we not a little too depressed about the moral consequence of the "cuff"?

We read lately in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that play in children, as in animals, is a training for adult activities. Surely courage is one of the greatest of virtues. The fiercer the schoolmaster, the greater the courage required to pour tea down his neck. If the schoolmaster is not allowed to retaliate naturally, where are our future explorers, financiers, prize-fighters and peace-makers to find scope for practice? Our parents are being trained out of all recognition, and it requires little daring for the normal child to inhabit the modern home; but for heaven's sake leave us our schoolmasters, who have so long and so patiently served such a useful purpose! E. M. B.

SIR,—I apologise sincerely for troubling you again. But "A Progressive School Boy" has made two allegations which I must refute. I only referred to Gilbert because Miss Isherwood seemed to think that the punishment should fit the crime. I never recommended this method myself, as any reader of this correspondence could have seen. Secondly, I have not said or implied that in my opinion corporal punishment is the best remedy for hooligan conduct. In the old-fashioned schools we have many remedies, of which corporal punishment may be one. As for the idea that in our schools every type of offence has its cut-and-dried penalty, as your correspondent implies when he accuses us of saying "Ah, crime No. 1, caning!"—such a notion was out of date in the days of "Eric."

I gather from the rest of the letter that in a progressive school the treatment received by a master depends entirely on his personality. A sensitive, refined man, who does not happen to have the knack of impressing a collection of British boys, may go through untold misery without any support from higher authority. This is what I have thought all along, and I am interested to have my opinion thus confirmed. C. H. TREMLETT

King's School, Bruton, Somerset.

WHAT IS AN ARTIST?

SIR,—I do not know whether "provocative" or "stimulating" is the correct word to apply to Mr. W. J. Turner's article in your issue of April 21st. I do know that it made me foam at the mouth.

Mr. Turner begins with a definition of an artist which is about as helpful as that which describes an archdeacon as a man who performs archidiaconal functions. And what is the use of even "the simplest and least vulnerable" definition of an artist in the absence of any attempt to define art? Mr. Turner merely dodges it on the ground of difficulty, and substitutes an article of faith. It seems to me that before laying down the law as to what is, or is not, an artist, Mr. Turner might have made some attempt to tell us what art (in the narrower sense in which the word is used in his article) means to him.

What is this mysterious something which enables him to put his hand on his heart and swear, "This man is an artist," when he meets him, or to say after listening for five minutes, "This is an artist"? Is it intuition or some sort of sixth sense? Has reason or intellect anything to do with it? It is important to know because this "something" is the standard by which Mr. Turner determines whether a performer is an artist or "merely a good pianist but no artist at all." A critic should, I think, be able to give some reasons for the faith, or lack of faith, that is in him. It simply is not criticism, in any accepted sense of the word, to say of one man "He is an artist" and of another "I would not cross the road to hear him play," without giving some reason which the ordinary intelligent person can appreciate. It may in Mr. Turner's case even be prejudice, to which he is subject in the case of women. What on earth has sex prejudice to do with musical criticism? Is it not possible that Mr. Turner's judgment is as much at the mercy of his prejudices when it comes to passing judgment in other cases? He reminds me of the man who says airily, "I don't know anything about music, but I know what I like." The revised version is, "I don't know what art is, but I know an artist when I meet one."

Sir, there is much flatulent flapdoodle written under the name of musical criticism and its poor relation, musical "appreciation," but the last place where I expected to find dogmatic assertion and sex prejudice doing duty for responsible intellectual criticism was the columns of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. That was another reason why I foamed at the mouth. L. R. THOMAS

30 The Ridgeway,
Gunnersbury Park, W.3.

MARRIAGE IN THE POLICE COURT

SIR,—Although Lord Listowel's Bill is a welcome sign that this subject is receiving attention, it is a mistake to expect too much from changes in procedure. The law itself is at fault. In the first place there is no reason why the majority of the poor should have to put up with separations in circumstances where divorce would be available to other classes of the community. Again, recent legislative changes have weighted heavily against the husband. A working man is practically helpless in the hands of a lazy or worthless wife. She may refuse to cook his meals or care for his children, yet he has no remedy, and is in practice soon forced into conduct that is construed as "cruelty" or "desertion." The unqualified right of a wife to maintenance must go.

Then too much emphasis can be put on "reconciliation." In many of the cases that come before the Courts the couple should

never have been married and the only problem is how to unmarry them with a minimum of suffering to themselves and their children (if any). ALEC CRAIG

33 Ulysses Road, N.W.6.

[We believe our comments have made clear our agreement with the view that the essential is divorce reform; we supported Lord Listowel's Bill as a useful minor reform.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

GERMAN REFUGEE STUDENTS

SIR,—We are students of dramatic art, who are just finishing our training for the stage. On Thursday, May 3rd, and Friday, May 4th, 8.30 p.m., at Bedford College, Regent's Park, we are giving performances of a comedy, *Flat to Let*, in aid of the Relief Fund for Refugee Students from Germany. As students who are hoping shortly to start our careers, with great opportunities ahead, we wish to help fellow-students who have been deprived of their careers, stranded without employment, and are in many cases without means of support.

The general state of graduate unemployment makes it hopeless for all of the refugee students to continue their professional studies, but it is for the benefit of the world that the most brilliant should be enabled to finish their training, prior to accepting posts abroad. It is proposed to place the others in jobs outside the university field, in undeveloped countries. Training camps will be provided for this purpose. It is these schemes which we want to assist, and hence ask sympathetic readers to come to our play. Tickets (5*s*., 3*s*. and 2*s*.) can be obtained from Dr. Anstey, 35 Fairholme Road, West Kensington, W.14. Donations towards the expenses would also be most welcome.

Readers may be reminded that *Flat to Let* was a great success when produced at the Criterion Theatre in 1931, with Lilian Braithwaite in the leading role. MARY ANSTEY

NATIVE CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—I am afraid it may seem captious to take exception to anything in Mr. Driberg's very generous review of my book, *An African People in the Twentieth Century*. But he accuses me of a mistake which, if I had made it, would be rather more serious than an error of detail. An anthropologist who, after nine months among a native people, had to refer to official publications to find out whether they were subject to military conscription, and, supposing that to be the case, was content to "suggest" it and refrain altogether from mentioning its consequences for the society in question, could hardly expect to be taken seriously. I was for some time at a loss to imagine where I could have made the "suggestion of military conscription" which is ascribed to me. My only reference to the subject is in the preliminary chapter in which, before beginning to discuss the special circumstances of any particular area, I attempt to enumerate the salient modifications in the structure of native societies which inevitably accompany everywhere their subjection to European government. Among these I mention the introduction of military organisations of European type, recruited "in most colonies on a basis of conscription." Perhaps the word "many" would have been arithmetically more accurate than "most"; but I do not think that the phrase in its context need give rise to any misunderstanding.

I thought the English word "taro," which is given in the Twentieth Century Dictionary, preferable to the Latin word *colocasia*, which is not, or the Luganda word *juni*, which would have been unintelligible to most readers. LUCY MAIR

CONFESSIONAL IN AUSTRIA

SIR,—When "A Correspondent," writing about "The Austrian Tragedy" in your issue of 31st March, glibly remarks "One hears of priests who demand from 'converted' Socialist children that they shall inform against their parents at Confession," does he realise that he is making a monstrous insinuation against the character of certain Austrian priests?

Evidently he is woefully ignorant of the Catholic Theology and practice of the Confessional. A Catholic approaches the Sacrament of Penance to confess his own sins and not the sins of other people. Furthermore, as anyone should know who knows anything at all about this matter, a priest is bound to absolute secrecy regarding what he hears in the Confessional. (*Codex Juris Canonici, can.* 889 and 890).

I doubt, however, if any useful purpose would be served in attempting to teach your correspondent a little theology. I will simply ask him, in support of his statement, to give your readers the name and address of any one Catholic priest who has demanded from "converted" Socialist children that they shall inform against their parents at Confession. Failing that, I trust he will be honest enough to withdraw the statement and apologise to the Catholic priesthood of Austria. J. M.

[This charge in the case of certain priests is widely and firmly believed in Austria. Our correspondent, who was fully aware of its seriousness, made careful inquiries about it, and got evidence of its truth from reliable sources. It is obviously impossible, in the present state of affairs to publish names. No suggestion was made that the secrecy of the Confessional is not in general as strictly adhered to in Austria as elsewhere.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

M. GIRAUDOUX AND THE STAGE SOCIETY

Intermezzo, by M. Jean Giraudoux, which was performed by the Stage Society at the Grafton Theatre on Sunday and Monday, was a play worth attempting; and to have done so, in spite of forbidding difficulties, was in the tradition of the Stage Society which has ever made straight for what was new, interesting and unlikely otherwise to be tried-out in London. In this case their courage was remarkable, for they must have been fully aware that in such a play the balance between fantasy and realism, between farce and mysticism, could have only been achieved by the most thorough preparation; and even then not completely, without the help of those delicate devices which increase so much upon the stage the plausibility of the supernatural. These devices were not at the Stage Society's disposal on the tiny stage of the Grafton Theatre, nor, alas, were they financially within the Society's reach; while, for the interpretation of character, they had to fall back (with the exception of the part of the Mayor, played by Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn) upon more or less inexperienced actors and actresses. At the last moment, too, one of the most important parts had to be taken by the producer himself, Mr. Howieson Culff, who, however, acted the part of the Druggist with a quiet intelligent dignity which proved one of the brightest patches in the performance.

I cannot imagine a play more difficult to produce than *Intermezzo*, nor one which, for the same sort of reasons it would be more difficult to describe. If you ask me, what was its point, I do not know what to reply. It possessed a cluster of points, connected vaguely together by an *attitude* towards experience which was contrasted throughout with rationalism and common sense; while one incident, namely the appearance of a Spectre in the neighbourhood of a small French provincial town, furnished the thread on which subsequent events were strung. The appearance of this Spectre has synchronised, too, with occurrences in the town distinctly disturbing to those who are used to the irrational workings of Chance, and are content with humdrum grimness of conventional living. When, for example, a lottery is held, since the coming of the Spectre it is not a cripple or the Mother Superior of the Convent who wins the motor bicycle but some young athlete; nor does the huge money prize any longer go to the local millionaire, but to some impoverished person. Moreover, the inhabitants have taken a decided turn in the direction of unscrupulous cheerfulness and have begun to deal with their own troubles, civic or sentimental, in a gay off-hand, sensible manner. It was not clear to me any more than it was to the Mayor how far these disturbances were due to the Spectre, but that there was some connection he firmly believed; also that this influence percolated chiefly through the local schoolmistress who, so gossip asserted, was in the habit of meeting the Spectre at twilight. There gossip proved right; and the Inspector of the Department, having been summoned by the Mayor, discovers that the education which

Mlle. Isabelle has been imparting to the children under her charge, is of a most gravely irrational kind. (This examination of the children, whose nature-knowledge is of a wildly Peter-Panish description, is a most amusing episode.) Yes, Isabelle is in love with the Spectre, or rather, perhaps, with the idea that her faith can enable the dead to return, and that this is her mission in life. The Spectre was played by Mr. Norman Chidgy, whose grave voice and sombre impassivity were important assets, though I think they should have been aided by a dimmer light than he was vouchsafed in his scenes. The dialogue between him and the schoolmistress about the conditions of the after-life is sufficiently imaginative to be tolerable, while the charm of the whole piece lies in the bland assurance with which the supernatural is taken for granted and in the ridicule, often extremely pointful, which is directed against those who ignore it. There is one distinctly dramatic surprise. The Inspector, who, of course, does not believe in spectres, is convinced that this one is merely a criminal who is hiding, and arranges that two comic ex-executioners, now in retirement, shall ambush and fire upon him. The Spectre falls; Isabelle and the Druggist are in despair. For a moment we, too, believe the Inspector has been right—but then the body disappears!

Isabelle is also wooed by a terrestrial lover, the Surveyor of Weights and Measures. He typifies the cosy romance of the actual—and he wins, Isabelle having for the first and last time been held for a moment in the Spectre's arms would have died, had not the Druggist improvised round her inanimate form the senseless confusion of the voices of Life: the gossips twitter above her (the deaf sister was excellently acted), the Inspector orates, the children sing, her lover implores, and the barrel-organ plays. She revives. The Druggist is an interesting figure. He typifies men who are born to be go-betweens; moderating between people who hold conflicting views, or smoothing over the transitions from the commonplace to the mysterious which occur in the lives of all.

This is an inadequate account of *Intermezzo*, but perhaps it is a little fuller than those which have hitherto appeared. Mr. Giraudoux's play is poetic and witty (I could tell that from Mr. Alan Wade's translation), a fabric made out of spun-steel as well as spun-sugar. It might prove much to the taste of London, so I hope that once again the Stage Society will have proved to be a "go-between." DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE LACE-MAKERS

IN odd villages among the Chilterns, and along the valleys of the Ouse and the Nen, as far as Huntingdonshire, the little old women still sit at cottage doors, against the sun-white walls or in the shadow of the thatch-eaves, making their pillow-lace to immemorial patterns. They are the last survivors of their kind. Sitting there, nearly always very old and with a quietness about them that seems immemorial too, their white lace-caps very prim over their cottony hair and their sun-yellowed heads, they look more than anything else like figures from old Dutch pictures that have come to life. They are so old, and their age so absolute and perfect, that it seems impossible that they were ever young. They are eternal figures who have sat there through centuries of sunlight doing nothing but work on those eternal patterns of leaves and flowers.

But not only are they themselves and their patterns old. Their methods, their lace-pillows, their myriad pins, their lace-bobbins, their bobbin-winders, their pin-pricked parchments that are the same sun-stained colour as their own skins—they are all out of the past. They are the very same things that the little old women first used when they began to learn lace-making as girls, in the rather élite Victorian lace-schools of their day. Only, perhaps, their cottons are new, and the soft cream-coloured silk that they run in a serpent thread through their ribbons of delicate insertion.

Of all English country arts this lace-making is, I think, the most fascinating. There is a quality of mystery about it. The lace itself is a miracle of beauty. There is no other art quite so simple-looking but so intricate, so artless and yet so miraculous, so apparently aimless and yet so faithful to a thousand principles.

Thus, as they sit there, the old women seem so often to be motionless, to be doing nothing, to be simply at rest, staring into the sunshine. In reality their hands are moving over the lace-pillow more rapidly than a bird pecking for food or fluttering its wings. They seem also to move casually, without design, in a sort of silly dithering of old age, as though they had grown childish and were simply playing with the bright-beaded bobbins and the pins, weaving an inane tangle of cottons and trying for ever to unweave it again.

And this is the mystery and miracle of the lace-makers, the vitality of their old hands. They seem to come to life on the lace-pillow, losing that crabbed deadness that will not let them button up their shoes or hold a cup. It is a kind of second nature, coming to them as naturally as speech or hearing, and is something of which they may be capable even when they can no longer speak with ease or hear anything but the shouting of fog-horned voices.

I have watched this lace-making over and over again, ever since my boyhood. But I have never understood it fully. Perhaps it is better not to understand it. There is a kind of secrecy about it all, as though it were the precious prerogative of the old women alone. Sometimes I ask them how it is done, but they only smile and talk vacantly and perhaps tell me to watch, going on with that wonderful juggling of the bobbins unbrokenly, making it all more incomprehensible still.

They sit with the pillow resting before them on a wooden stand that is rather like a frail sawing-horse. The pillow is more like a bolster, a sort of hard fat sausage, covered nearly always with some flower-sprigged stuff, blue or pink, that was once a dress. Across the pillow, on the line of circumference, they fix the strip of parchment with the pattern pricked out upon it. The patterns are dateless, their origins lost or forgotten. A million pins are stuck in thick groups about the pillow, in readiness, and the bobbins are spread out, on either side of the parchment, in two fans of old ivory-colour, with a half-circle of beads jingling and shining over the curve of the pillow and the cottons converging on the centre of the fan. It is the bobbins that are moved with that miraculous vitality of the old hands. They are interchanged with each other infinitely, into a thousand combinations, the cottons twisting into the pattern, the pattern repeating itself, the pins being moved incessantly. It is a miracle not only of vitality, but of patience. The lace evolves very slowly out of that infinite intricacy by an inch or two a day.

It is the bobbins that are the mainspring and delight of it all. They are like children's playthings, little sticks of white bone or creamy ivory or black wood, not quite so long as a pencil and a little thinner. They are thinner still at the unbeaded end, where the cotton is wound. They are carved softly, inlaid sometimes with spirals of gold-coloured wire or painted with spots and rings of emerald and black and scarlet. A few are undecorated and uncoloured, but many are adorned with names and inscriptions, family names and inscriptions of love or longing or remembrance, printed almost always in red and black—*Dear Rachel*, *Lovely Thomas*, *My Darling*, *Forget Me Not*—the faint records of histories and dreams. And on each bobbin hangs the threaded circle of beads, little transparent seeds of ice and emerald and ruby and amber, pearls of milky blue and primrose, and here and there a great solitary bead of chicory-blue or purple, large as a bird's egg and as clear and shining as a bird's eye.

Like the vital motions of the old women's hands the colours of the bobbins and beads seem to be pointless; but like those movements they are, in actuality, full of significance. They have separate meanings and values. The little dots and lines are, as it were, the quavers and semi-quavers of the music of lace-making, and the old women, with that apparently aimless fluttering of their fingers, are faithfully playing to a score and

keeping to a time, knowing every dot and line and bead and name by heart.

It is significant that one never sees a young woman at the lace-pillows—only the little old women with the traditional country faces, the cottony hair and skinny hands, and the pale blue eyes of great tranquillity. There are arts of necessity, like the baking of bread and the making of shoes, which seem as if they can only perish with mankind. It is the arts of luxury which die out, and the art of making lace on a pillow is one of them. It seems likely that in another ten years' time there will be precious little left of it but a legend.

H. E. BATES

THE LEAPING LAUGHERS

WHEN will men again
Lift irresistible fists
  Not bend from ends
  But each man lift men
Nearer again.

Many men mean
Well: but tall walls
  Impede, their hands bleed and
  They fall, their seed the
Seed of the fallen.

See here the fallen
Stooping over stones over their
  Own bones: but all
  Stooping doom-beaten.

Whom the noonday washes
Whole, whom the heavens compel
  And to whom pass immaculate messages,
  How soon will men again
  Lift irresistible fists
  Impede impediments
Leap mountains, laugh at walls?

GEORGE BARKER

ROMANCE AND REALITY

Man of Aran — *New Gallery*

THE documentary film is, in a realm of make-believe, the greatest deception of all. *Le grand film documentaire*, it receives reverence, as though it constituted a particle of Absolute Truth. Dziga-Vertov elevated it to a religion. Forgetting that Eisenstein and Pudovkin used real people and real things, not because they are more "true" than actors or stage properties, but simply because they are more effective for a given arbitrary purpose, he forgot also the purpose. The real ingredient *per se* is good, he proclaimed, anything but the real ingredient—meretricious. Presenting a false picture.

This is fallacy. As all objectivity is fallacy. The two term equation—camera (a mechanical process) + object = a true picture—is entirely imaginary. The equation that corresponds to reality has three terms—selector of object (a human being) + camera + object = a personal picture. For every document a man. And hence each document is as partisan as the evidence he files to support his suit in a court of law. The man with the camera who made *Man of Aran* is Flaherty, king of all documentators. And, essentially personal, he is attracted always by man's struggle against nature. In *Nanook* he showed man winning his food from the blizzard and the ice. In *Moana* he showed the dialectical opposite, Nature so bountiful that food is there without the winning and, to attain manhood, man has to substitute in his own nature a mock struggle, the ordeal of initiation. *Aran* he has made another *Nanook*. Man's struggle with the stones, from which the wind would blast the soil he painfully scrapes upon it from dust and seaweed. His struggle with the storms, that wrestle to add him to the contents of which he would rob the sea. With his poet's eye, his unforgettable choice of faces, he has drafted another document as rare, austere, and moving as his first two. But still a document that presents only one side.

Man also is a part of Nature. Man's struggle with Nature is incomplete unless it embraces the struggle of man with man. Man on this windswept rock is no less a social organism, no less bound to the common ills of humanity than he is on any one of the self-imposed islands constructed at the Geological Museum. The precarious roof over his head is held not only against the fury of the wind, but also by grace of a triumph against the fury of the landlord. Imperial rivalry, as ruthless as a poor season of fish, strikes him through the tariff on his cattle. His surplus sons, driven from America by the world crisis, return to challenge him for his limited space. Even this poverty is not too poor for priests to ride. To portray the bareness of the subsistence afforded him by the sea and to ignore the hardships inflicted on him by his fellows is not to be objective, but to be sharply partial in minimising their effects. There is a sense in which even *Mala the Magnificent* is a far truer document than *Nanook*. No less than Hollywood, Flaherty is busy turning reality to romance. The tragedy is that, being a poet with a poet's eye, his lie is the greater, for he can make the romance seem real.

IVOR MONTAGU

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Austrian Exhibition at Dorland Hall

Gratitude towards the organisers of this exhibition is not inconsistent with two suggestions. Could it not have been larger, and, secondly, a little cheaper? Nothing could be nicer than to go to Austria for the afternoon, but my press ticket seemed a great privilege to my companion, who was paying 2*s.* 6*d.* entrance fee, 2*s.* for a catalogue, 2*s.* 6*d.* for the marionette show, and something more in the charming *treillage* café in the basement: a thimble of red wine for 10*d.* is a sad thing. With the wine, cigarettes, coffee, sausages, beer, etc., I learn that the usual customs have been exacted. This is extremely short-sighted. The wailing of London retailers of the same brands and commodities should be disregarded in a semi-official exposition, particularly as an increased sale would only increase the demand.

The chief interest lies, perhaps, in the judiciously selected, but limited, art exhibits. (While the clothes, with the exception of the delightful things from Salzburg, are rather too dull, the modern glass and china is rather too gay.) On the ground floor besides the Gobelins and the Canalettos are some very engaging paintings of the Biedermeier period, among the best being a family group by Waldmüller, and some fine examples from the Bloch-Bauer porcelain collection. There are also pieces of "Ranftbecher" and "Mildner" glass, the former enamelled in colour, and the latter engraved in gold. On the second floor are modern Austrian pictures: the Klimts are interesting, but Kokoschka is very poorly dealt with. The marionette theatre of Prof. Teschner is ingenious, but marionettes are undoubtedly better when moved from above by strings, rather than poked about from below. Aesthetically, too, *c'est du Munich*, I am afraid. The general decoration of the exhibition is careful, and fresh. The Viennese talent for big, lucid lettering and downright colour in their cartoons and posters is most invigorating: let us hope it leaves its mark.

"There's Always To-morrow"

It soon becomes obvious to the puzzled playgoer at the Shaftesbury that Miss Mary Newcomb's excellent intelligence declines point-blank to accept Lady Grace Carlingford as anything but "a case." She resolves on presenting a sympathetic study of a morbidity which is all but maniacal, and to that end employs a glassy smile of such unnerving intensity that one wonders why her eminent bacteriologist husband has failed to realise that she should not be at large. Each nervous gesture at her golden hair reveals fresh straws in it, the while she showers oeillades and caresses upon the grown-up son (just back from America) for whom she has an obsession bound up with her vanishing youth. The son has brought a girl home with him, however, and tragedy is in the wind. It never appears, and her ecstasy of passion

achieves no stronger climax than the malicious fortifying of the girl's wine with raw alcohol, in order to disgrace her before company and her lover. Wherefore, one asks, should Othello be quoted, not wisely but too well, on all programmes? And what, after all, is a hiccup, even an apparently hereditary hiccup, to a young man in love? Grace is triumphant as Robert's priggishness swells self-importantly, but conscience intervenes when she learns that he is actually married to Lucille. It remains only for her husband to provide a mildly amusing face-saver for everybody to be happy again. Mr. Austen Trevor is blamelessly, quietly splendid as the long-suffering husband, and Miss Viola Keats throws her tantrums most vividly as the victimised young lady. But Miss Newcomb should leave the case-books alone.

"Dark Horizon"

Except for a few pleasant minutes of Miss Marda Vanne—and she herself is cruelly handicapped by the banality of her lines—there is nothing in the first two hours of Miss Lesley Storm's tract for the times at Daly's to explain why it should ever have been presented. We are introduced to a number of households in a middle-class block of flats, having little in common with each other save a prevailing floridity of diction and a tendency to explain their pasts, presents and futures whenever possible. The young architect bombinates about the working-men's barracks he is going to build, his wife dreams of her coming baby, the widow meditates remarriage, the journalist battles with his conscience about his brother's fiancée, and the research doctor achieves his epoch-making discovery. Passim, most soothingly to the audience's patience, we are promised a new war, and at long last it materialises, with a wireless choked with morse and the hum of enemy aeroplanes. The bombardment lacks nothing in noise and excitement. The shivering households meet in the basement while London topples about their ears, gas-masks are distributed, and the first wisps of the death fumes curl under the doors while the wireless provides hymns and the Lord's Prayer as the curtain falls.

Comedy at the Embassy

There are enough funny lines in *Battle Royal* by Kim Peacock to suggest that, under entirely different circumstances, it might provide an amusing light entertainment. In the production at the Embassy there were many discrepancies and downright faults of a kind that is rare in that theatre. Few of the cast were word-perfect, and there was a total lack of confidence that was bound to infect the audience after the first five minutes. For its purpose, the story of two actresses who give up the stage with a flourish and return to it to spite one another has points in its favour, and in their scenes together Miss Mary Clare and Miss Mabel Terry Lewis extracted some genuine comedy from it. By its unconcerned dash Miss Clare's performance did something to compensate for the general inadequacy, but even here vivacity often degenerated into vagueness.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, April 27th—
Eisenstein's "Potemkin," Friends House, Euston Road, 6.45 and 8.45. Also on April 28th.
Prof. Harold Laski and Mr. D. N. Pritt on "The Disaffection Bill," Conway Hall, 8.15.
Rosing, Æolian Hall, 8.30.
"The Apple Cart," Tavistock Little Theatre 36 Tavistock Place.

SATURDAY, April 28th—
Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter, Queen's Hall, 3.
Smeterlin, Wigmore Hall, 3.
"Too Young to Marry," Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

SUNDAY, April 29th—
C. Delisle Burns on "Barbarism and Government," Conway Hall, 11.
C. C. Ammon on "The New Industrial Revolution," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Rd., Hampstead, 7.30.
"Secret Orchard," Arts Theatre.

MONDAY, April 30th—
"Fidelio," Covent Garden, 8.30.

TUESDAY, May 1st—
"Rheingold," Covent Garden, 8.30.
"She Loves Me Not," Adelphi Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, May 2nd—
"Walküre," Covent Garden, 5.45.

"Cacoëthes Scribendi"

Most of us are, at some time or other, seized with the desire to write. The things we want to write about are many and various. With some it is experiences, reminiscences, or views and opinions: with others, fiction.

But how many give effect to that desire?—even when they feel that what they have to say is worth the telling? Comparatively few: surprisingly few, indeed, when we consider the immense demand that exists nowadays for contributions of all sorts from outside sources; considering, too, the useful addition to income which may be made by devoting part of one's leisure to literary work.

For while it is true that

"*'tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print*"

the pleasure is increased when a cheque rewards the effort: even though that may not have been the primary object.

With some, the desire is little more than a passing whim: but with others it is constant, although its translation into action may be deferred. Where that is the case—where there is a persistent, even if vague, wish to find expression in writing—it may be taken for granted that there exists a natural but latent ability which deserves cultivation. It is from among such men and women that newspapers and magazines frequently receive their most welcome recruits.

Under experienced guidance, with a competent but sympathetic teacher and critic to assist and to advise, the untried and inexperienced writer can very quickly gain that knowledge of Press requirements and of Press *technique* which is so often all that he requires in order to succeed in journalism or in authorship.

The records of The London School of Journalism provide overwhelming evidence of this. There are many now well-known writers, regular and esteemed contributors to high-class journals, who owe their success entirely to the individual instruction received by them (by correspondence) from the School. Some of them have, indeed, found literary work so much to their taste and so profitable, that they have ultimately made it their whole vocation. The great majority, however, pursue it as an occupation for their leisure hours, as a hobby which profits them in more ways than one.

These are the facts—facts which are open to any interested reader of THE NEW STATESMAN to investigate. Investigation should, of course, be the first step, and if it is possible for the letter of enquiry to be accompanied by a short MS. (article or story) by way of example, so much the better, for it will afford Sir Max Pemberton (the Director of Studies) a means of forming an opinion and will enable him to advise the writer accordingly.

In short, in every desirable way, the School affords opportunities for the exploration of literary possibilities and enables the enquirer to follow Dryden's advice to

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MISS MARGIAD EVANS, who wrote a rather unsatisfactory book, *The Wooden Doctor* (Blackwell 7*s.* 6*d.*), but which won a great deal of praise from the reviewers, has done very much better in her second novel, *Turf or Stone* (Blackwell, 7*s.* 6*d.*). She is young and is a natural writer, who, if she avoids becoming self-conscious, may do quite remarkable things. Indeed, *Turf or Stone* is a remarkable book: a real achievement and no mere promise. It is the romantic novel of a decaying Herefordshire family dominated by the figure of the gipsy groom, Easter, small, sadistic, dirty and irresistible to women. The word *Easter* calls up the word *Christmas* and there is, unfortunately, a slight resemblance between Miss Evans's groom and the chief character of Faulkner's *Light in August*: both men are sadists, are inexplicable, appeal to women and dominate them, both of them are of mixed blood and come to violent ends. Yet to insist on a likeness to Faulkner would be to give a totally wrong impression. I once read the poetry of a lady who was described as "the Ella Wheeler Wilcox of Wales." Miss Evans is *not* the William Faulkner of Hereford.

* * *

Turf or Stone is an oddly constructed book. It is like a house that has not been built of brick laid on well-laid brick, but put together of large slabs of material, and one can see that while Miss Evans was writing one of these slabs, nothing else counted for her. This excuses the clumsiness of her construction and the irrelevance of many of her descriptions. An unconscious artist, "she saw it like that," and no more need, or indeed can, be said, since when she has seen a thing by the holy light of imagination, she can tell it very well indeed. The following passage illustrates what I mean by calling her a natural writer:

> In wet weather, surplus water used to pour down behind the cottage, trickling through the garden into the road. One might have almost supposed that this seedy dwelling-place had been constructed by a savage misanthrope, who, bearing a general grudge against human comfort, and furious contempt for life, health, or joy, had calculated on torturing its future inhabitants with rheumatism, and sending them either twisted and crippled to their premature coffins, or driving them sore and stricken to some drier situation. Its history lent colour to the idea. I will add that anyone beholding Easter's goings and comings, or seeing him through those same bleary panes as he sat absorbed in his reflections, with his brow knitted, his strange eyes fixed on the back of the fireplace, that person might have thought the influence persisted and gone away, thanking his stars that *he* was not that man and not his friend.

* * *

One of the results of what I have called clumsiness of construction, which is only another name for the waywardness of the author's imagination, is that the chief persons of her story, or plot, do not turn out to be the chief figures in the book. Thus, the whole plot hinges upon Easter's employer, the hard-riding, decaying drunkard Matt, falling in love with his groom's wife, Mary. But to Miss Evans Mary only exists as an object for Easter's cruelty and malevolence, and of Matt's love for her she can say little more than:

> Mary was none the less fascinating for being easily accessible . . . besides she knew how to draw a fine inner line which kept Matt continually interested. They were violently in love with each other.

Nothing could be feebler. Yet if Mary the mistress, is a straw woman, Dorothy, Matt's wife, is magnificent, the best of the people in the book, and the one who seems most obviously to have been drawn from life—a stupid, gaudy woman smelling of cigarette smoke, perfume and burnt hair, who cannot restrain herself from making love to her husband at one moment, or from calling in the children in order to abuse him in front of them, at another. But Miss Evans's strong point is not her people; it is in drawing vivid, violent scenes, and in showing movement. Thus, she excels in describing public-house brawls, and is thoroughly at home in pubs:

> He himself was a sanctimonious old drunkard who became abusive in his cups. He was followed wherever he went by a little tan, rough-haired bitch, very long in the body, named Datty, who used to sit on his knee and lap out of his glass. They doted on each other. Sammy Collins was reputed to be rich, but nobody liked him for anything else.
>
> He poked his head through the door like an old escaped goat, screwed up his eyes, nodded disdainfully, and passed on. His chair squeaked as he sank into it with a sort of peevish groan. The carter and the hedger also nodded to each other, as though each were acknowledging the truth of some unspoken remark. The carpenter expressed it after a silence: "Old B——," said he.
>
> The tap-room filled up again. Four young chaps, strong creatures whose hefty limbs swung like hammers through the air, were playing darts. They drew back their arms and the darts flew. Harry had to fetch a lamp. Laughter burst out, raucous, jolly, obscene, the kind of sound that sends a pang of pure modesty through a sensitive woman. Talk as thick as the dialect, thick tobacco smoke rolling upwards like bawdy incense, and from the carpenter a hoarse chant to the convivial mass.

* * *

And she is just as good in describing Easter's casual love affairs with women working in the fields. All the chance comers in the book, drunk farmers, a carter in a tea-shop, a publican, two gipsies pea-picking, have been seen and created solidly. They are like the minor characters in a book by a really great writer. But the principal characters have not been tackled. This is what makes *Turf or Stone* a decidedly irritating book. The author cannot yet control her imagination; not only has she shirked drawing Easter's wife, who is one of the chief characters, but she does not go at all deeply into the relations of Matt and Easter, which, to a man, identifying himself with other men, would have appeared the subject of greatest dramatic and psychological interest in the triangle. This has not occurred to Miss Evans. Instead, she allows her fancy to ramble off on a childish day-dreaming excursion with one of Matt's daughters (with whom she identifies herself) to a Welsh fairy grandmother:

> After her marriage she refused to give concerts and could hardly be prevailed upon to use her voice in public at all. To a very few she was known as the Welsh nightingale. When the doctor died she gave it up altogether. At her present age she was still a vital impulsive person who was happy in her own company. Phoebe was the only grandchild in whom she took any interest. Even she had no idea of Eirian's astonishing past.

* * *

Luckily there are only two pages of this sort of stuff in the book, but it is worth calling unkind attention to them, for they show that the author is uncritical and an instinctive writer. Thus, in her future work, she may take to writing down day-dreams of this sort—in which case a fine natural talent will be lost. The chances, however, seem to be the other way, and I think we are likely to see her develop into a romantic novelist, without much sense of form, but with a really fine power over words and a creative imagination. And she has one gift which is so rare as to be worth mentioning: she can not only make her men attractive, but she can describe their effect upon women. Indeed, she is particularly good in analysing the contradictory feelings of the flesh and of the will; more than once she describes male and female repelling each other until physical contact suddenly, as though releasing an electric charge, makes them cling like a magnet and iron filings. She is like Lawrence in being exceptionally aware of the positive and negative fields of such attractions. Yet, though there is a good deal of sexual feeling, nobody in the book is in the least bit in love; this is rather unusual in a young writer. This by the way is true neither of *The Wooden Doctor*, nor Miss Evans's first book, *Country Dance* (Barker, 7*s.* 6*d.*), which I have been reading again with a great deal of pleasure. These confessions of a hoydenish shepherd's daughter are not merely charming, but are exactly true to the character of a wild, unspoilt country girl. But we are so sophisticated to-day that we suspect the natural, and the author's romanticism about Wales and the Welsh is also likely to arouse prejudice.

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NEW NOVELS

Dark Hazard. By W. R. BURNETT. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Black Exchange. By PATRICK KIRWAN. *Grayson and Grayson.* 7s. 6d.

Tender is the Night. By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. *Scribners.* $2.50.

Under Proof. By JOANNA CANNAN. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Burnett is an admirable minor novelist. Like Hemingway, he prefers to write of straightforward monosyllabic characters and to employ a style coloured by the clipped staccato rhythms of contemporary American speech; but if he has little of Hemingway's artistry he has very few of Hemingway's faults—none of those tiresome affectations that come of a too early and too close acquaintance with the works of Sherwood Anderson and Gertrude Stein. Now and then, Hemingway gives us the impression of a neurasthenic and congenitally over-sensitive personage, bolstering himself up by a certain artificial truculence that does not entirely suit him. Burnett, on the other hand, strikes me as a novelist who deals with gangsters, gamblers and pugilists because prize-fighting, gambling and adventurous crime are the aspects of life in which he is most interested or which he happens to know best. Professionally, I am told, he is a hard-working journalist; and there is no doubt that his prose-style has many virtues that good journalism—as distinct from the repetitious pseudo-literary stuff through which we plough sleepily every morning—is said to exemplify in their purest form. Brevity, lucidity and economy of diction are the effects that he aims at and manages to achieve.

Thus, *Dark Hazard* is an absorbing and delightful book. Here is the story of a born gambler, married to a woman with whom he is very much in love, and of his attempts to settle down and earn a "decent living." When the story opens he is night-clerk at a Chicago hotel. Of Mr. Burnett's previous novels I have read only *Little Caesar*—the narrative of a gangster's rise to fame, since illuminated by the brilliant acting of Edward G. Robinson—and *Iron Man*, the history of a "dumb" but uxorious prize-fighter, a kind of pugilistic robot, exploited by the business intelligences of the sporting world. Both novels were excellent in their own way. I doubt, however, if Mr. Burnett has written anything more effective than his prologue to *Dark Hazard*—a description of a deserted hotel lobby, the radiators gurgling and knocking, a blizzard, blown off the lake-shore, thundering at the windows, while the ex-gambler's thoughts alternate between the wife whom he idolises and the hazardous, hand-to-mouth existence which he has abandoned but still regrets. . . .

A stroke of luck takes him back to his old surroundings. Up to this point, Jim Turner's story, as related by Mr. Burnett, is vivid and completely unsentimental; but beyond this point, I cannot help thinking, it tends to go astray. In the first place, there seemed to be some danger that *Dark Hazard*, the splendid racing greyhound whom Jim Turner identifies with his most secret aspirations, might develop into a symbolic figure—a canine St. Mawr; and, that peril having been successfully circumvented, the narrative is cut short rather than brought to a legitimate end. But who shall judge what is legitimate and what illegitimate? I can merely record a personal impression that *Dark Hazard*, which, in its opening chapters, has all the strength and vividness of a good realistic film, shares the clumsiness with which good films are often concluded. A Man and his Dog against the Sunrise . . . . . Fade Out. . . . . A literary anti-climax.

The beauty of Jim Turner was his great simplicity. His passion was simple, and the ardour with which he pursued it unqualified by any of those afterthoughts with which more sophisticated and less emotional gamblers are inclined to track down their prey. Above all, he was not afraid to lose. Money was something to be got rid of; Chance, a goddess to be worshipped in fits of inspiration, with the help of heaven-bestowed "hunches." . . . Herr Tonn was a gambler of a different stamp. *Black Exchange*, an unusually entertaining first novel, describes the vicissitudes of a small German capitalist and of the foreign boarders whom he housed to cloak his surreptitious but remunerative speculations in fluctuating post-war currencies. Tonn was the craftiest type of financial parasite; abroad a shady businessman who had grown fat on the disastrous fall of the mark, at home he bullied his wife, commercialised the virginity of his daughters, hectored or cheated his guests—masters and mistresses at a modern-language school, where a gabbled proficiency in foreign tongues was handed out over the counter like so many pounds of Canadian cheese—and yet contrived to pose as the devoted *père de famille*. He had not even the wit to become a sensualist, for the charm of money is reputed to stifle the power of sex.

Happily, Mr. Kirwan has no axe to grind. On reflection, I am not sure that this is true; but the whirrings of his grindstone are, if not inaudible, nicely subordinated to the harmonies of the dramatic—at moments, somewhat melodramatic—story he sets out to unfold. Schmalz, the Communist deputy, plays tragic chorus; but although Schmalz, unlike every other character who makes his appearance in the narrative, is an unselfish and purposefully righteous man, Mr. Kirwan is not above depicting his noble demagogue in a comic and, now and then, a vaguely pathetic light. His endless magniloquent diatribes are satirically rendered. Presumably, the most perfervid Communist, from time to time, must grow a trifle weary of the tautologous intricacies of Marxian doctrine, in which the apparatus of dogmatic and controversial theology seems to have been added to the stock-in-trade of the political zealot.

So treated, Schmalz is a human being, though with an inhuman message. Superhuman, perhaps. . . . Certainly, the humanity of Herr Tonn's boarders—a nymphomaniac English schoolma'am, a disgraced English schoolmaster, a homesick Cockney and a neurotic young Irishman, haunted by memories of the civil war—leaves a good deal to be desired in the way of sweetness. *Black Exchange* is a gloomy impressive book. There are passages in which one feels that Mr. Kirwan would have done better if he had written more quietly; but his story has the merit, extremely uncommon among first novels, of sustaining the atmosphere it has created from beginning to end.

Mr. Scott Fitzgerald is wildly uneven. After *The Great Gatsby*, a book which, when it was published several years ago, aroused an intellectual furore and was acclaimed by critics as diverse as Mencken, T. S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein, Mr. Fitzgerald's new novel seems wordy and shapeless. It is very long and its narrative method is far from direct. A hundred and fifty pages are occupied by Mr. Fitzgerald in his description of a Mediterranean beach, and of the smart Europeanised Americans who congregate there, as observed through the personality of a famous but innocent film actress, Rosemary Hoyt; and it is not until the hundred-and-forty-eighth page that the novelist supplies us with a key to some of the less easily explicable aspects of the foregoing chapters, letting it appear—quite abruptly—that Nicole, the wife of the engaging young student of mental disorders with whom Rosemary has fallen in love, is herself on the borderline of madness, and that behind the calm façade of their affluent household lurked a secret and atrocious preoccupation.

The second half of the book is vivid and memorable. Elsewhere, the delicacy and acuteness that, in *The Great Gatsby*, distinguished Mr. Fitzgerald's choice of epithets and informed his delineation of contemporary characters have degenerated into a rather irritating type of *chic*. His imagery is elaborate and euphuistic; in his former novel he scored bull's-eyes with the accuracy of a crack marksman in the booth at a country fair, and in his present novel he hits everything except his objective, drilling holes just as it pleases him, making the splinters fly, but very seldom getting down to the main business. His incidental commentary is often shrewd. Mr. Fitzgerald knows his modern Americans; he has a firm grasp of their foibles and their slang; he is the prophet of a generation which, though it has passed away, has left a distinct mark on contemporary American literature.

Under Proof, alas, is aptly entitled. Washy, adulterated and unstimulating, Miss Cannan's criticism of twentieth-century manners is all the more ineffective because it is aimed at that largely mythological body, the Bright Young People—a section of Society which, if it ever really existed, has long ago vanished into thin air. Its legend, unfortunately, dies hard. The first part of Miss Cannan's novel introduces us to a group of Edwardian *beaux* and *belles*; and during the second she enjoys a fling at their unworthy descendants, feckless, intemperate young men and women who, when they are not absorbing cocktails, are busily engaged in the composition of shallow, insincere modern novels, for which the immorality of their subject-matter obtains a very wide circulation. . . . Such novels seem to have provided Miss Cannan's groundwork; but I am afraid that her choice of sources has been injudicious. It is a thousand pities, if one is writing a satire on contemporary society, to resurrect the mouldering catch-phrases of the year before last.

PETER QUENNELL

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WILLIAM II

Fabulous Monster. By J. DANIEL CHAMIER. *Arnold.* 15s.

Many of us can remember the poster of the Kaiser which decorated the hoardings during the war. He had horns on his head, the face was made up of corpses and blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. For propaganda purposes it is extremely useful in wartime to be able to personify the enemy. The Kaiser, who could be easily caricatured, made an excellent public emblem of the iniquities of the enemy. He had decided to force war on Europe at a Secret Council held early in July, 1914, he was personally responsible for the catastrophe, atrocities were carried out by his orders. "More than 14,000 non-combatants have been murdered by the Kaiser's orders." "Cities have been burned, old men and children have been murdered, women and young girls have been outraged, harmless fishermen have been drowned at this crowned criminal's orders." "The halter is the shrift for this criminal," and so on. Exaggeration became impossible, and the "Hang the Kaiser" campaign was the leading feature in the General Election of 1918. After all this propaganda, which was carried on, of course, in all the allied countries, it became necessary to "arraign William II of Hohenzollern" personally in the peace Treaty for his "supreme offence against international morality and the sanctity of Treaties."

But as years passed and he was not hanged, but escaped to a comfortable retirement in Holland, when war passions had subsided and when the less sophisticated part of the population had begun to wonder whether any of the things they had been told were true, statesmen adopted a different tone, exonerated the ex-Kaiser from blame and Lord Grey went so far as to write: "If the matter had rested with him there would have been no European War arising out of the Austro-Serbian dispute." Even Emil Ludwig, who published in 1926 a slashing indictment of the ex-Kaiser and his Court, admitted that "In all the European developments between 1908 and 1914, the Emperor was more pacific, was even more far-sighted, than his advisers." Now the time has come, fifteen years after peace was signed, for the pendulum to make a full swing in the opposite direction and Mr. J. Daniel Chamier in the volume before us carries his justification of this "honest, capable, intelligent ruler" to its farthest limit. It is not merely a refutation of the ridiculous charges brought against Wilhelm II in the allied countries during the war and, after the war, in Germany. This indeed in itself might have required a volume. Curiously enough the author fails to nail to the counter the most successful British recruiting slogan of the whole war. He thinks the Kaiser's reference to the British Expeditionary Force as "a contemptible little army" was a mistranslation, whereas it was a pure fabrication in every syllable as well as in the date and place where it was supposed to have been uttered. Mr. Chamier sets out to justify the ex-Kaiser in every stage of his life and every crisis of his reign. He was right and his mother was wrong; he was right and his father was wrong; he was right and Bismarck was wrong; he was right and Waldersee, Caprivi, Bethman Holweg, Prince Max of Baden, the generals in the war and a whole succession of courtiers were all wrong. His intelligence showed him the proper course, but intrigue, opposition and circumstances he could not control prevented him from pursuing it. He was the victim of bad fortune, the sufferer from dangers he had laboured to avoid.

In writing about Kaiser Wilhelm, whether against him or in his favour, there appears to be an irresistible temptation to adopt a rather flamboyant and rhetorical style which is not easy to read. Vituperation may be violent, but whitewashing can only be done with judicial calm if it is to carry conviction.

The truth lies probably about half-way between the foolish, irresponsible megalomaniac and the far-sighted, wise statesman. It is certainly not easy to reach the man. Like his uncle, the King of England, the Kaiser had far more façade than building and in his case the façade was extravagantly ornate and may have misled people sometimes into supposing there was nothing at all behind it. He was very alert but too restless, he was *bon enfant* but capricious, he was talented but superficial, his religion was partly infantile and partly mystical, his vision was keen but nearly always wrongly focused, his tactlessness was proverbial, and, like all violent people, he was fundamentally weak. In times of crisis he missed taking a strong line because he did not know how to assert himself. The thinness of the veneer of the "strong man," the illusion of which he had kept up by theatrical display during his reign, becomes apparent in the last stages of his collapse when he succumbed with only petulant protest to the rapid and overwhelming circumstances which were to drive him from his throne. One would have imagined him putting himself at the head of his troops in one last desperate attempt and dying a soldier's death. This might have been the equivalent of suicide, an idea which he himself rejected. At any rate, he missed a chance in not immediately accepting Mr. Lloyd George's demand that he should be tried in Westminster Hall. His own reputation and his country's cause might certainly have gained by the easy refutation in his trial of some of the more preposterous charges made against him. But no, with crushed spirit he preferred to remain silent in his enforced exile producing a couple of books which have done little to enhance his reputation.

Mr. Chamier gives interesting and probably correct versions of the part played by the Kaiser in some of the internal political conflicts in pre-war Germany as well as in the final crisis. He quotes from many authorities, notably Major Niemann, who was the Emperor's close friend. The probability is, however, that posterity will not be much interested in a figure who, whichever way you look at him, counted very little in the last phases of the German Empire. Historians of the twentieth century will be more concerned with the sweeping forces of public opinion, the resentment, the disillusionment, the smouldering exasperation and the inexorable trend of events which have shattered a great nation economically and politically and deprived it of its high position in the world from the point of view of culture and enlightenment. There may be some element of drama and even tragedy in the incidental fall of a figure-head, but in this case these elements seem to be lacking. The death of the Emperor Frederick was a far more significant incident for the German nation than the abdication of his son. But Mr. Chamier's book, which is compiled with considerable ability, is likely to have a good reception in the present international atmosphere.

PONSONBY

HELL IN THE SLUMS

The Autobiography of a Liverpool Irish Slummy. By PAT O'MARA. *Martin Hopkinson.* 10s. 6d.

In the last chapter of his autobiography Mr. Pat O'Mara speaks of an unsuccessful first novel published in America, and a book called *Taxi Heaven*, which may or may not have been the first novel. However that may be, his autobiography reads like a first literary venture by a man of genius, as distinct from a man of mere education and talent. The unutterably wretched life of the people of the slums has surely never been painted with more vivid a brush. Drinking, drabbing, rioting, murder, cozening, scrounging, thieving—they are all described with pitiless realism. There seems to be no hope for most of these people in this world. Heroic stoicism and outbursts of wild gaiety only exist to intensify the darkness generated of poverty and squalor. Mr. O'Mara never moralises, and he is manifestly not a teetotaller, but never did a book more violently scourge alcoholism. It is in many ways a horrid book, a book to disgust and alienate the sensitive and respectable, and yet the author is very much on the side of the angels. For he is a man of great literary integrity. A thief and liar from his own accounts (at any rate during his childhood and early youth) he reveals his tangled complex character with curious candour and honesty. He has been such a liar that one wonders how much of the book is trimmed; and yet out of the jumbled fluent pages steals what must be a very real picture of the slums, and a most faithful portrait of a rapscallion Irish boy, daredevil and unscrupulous; and yet with all his faults a fellow to admire and take your hat off to, for, although he does not seem to know it, he has exceptional qualities of determination and courage.

Many readers will discover affinities with W. H. Davies's *Autobiography of a Super-Tramp;* but Davies has more respect for his readers' feelings. A nearer approach to *The Autobiography of a Liverpool Irish Slummy* is François Villon's *Great Testament.* Like Villon, Mr. O'Mara reveals an Age, though only that corner of it dominated by the slums. Like Villon, too, he is charitable and brutal, sordid and comical; and at moments very filthy. Like Villon, he fills his pages with names and portraits, out of the crowded gallery shining his strong affection for his mother, and a good deal of veneration for the Catholic Faith—which he, nevertheless (but quite unintentionally), compares a little unfavourably with Protestantism. Like Villon, he does not hesitate to tell us how he flies in the face of his better feelings, particularly when it comes to fighting and rioting. Take, for instance, these passages

from his descriptions of the rather mean part he played in the Lusitania riots :

> Someone in the mob mentioned Bob Acte's sailor's boarding house in Nelson Street. Mr. Acte was a retired German sailorman, now a naturalised Britisher, and married to the popular Sarah Doran, as Irish as a leprechaun. " Ah, lave thim alone!! " said Joan of Arc who was leading the mob. " Sarah allers hilped the church. Let's get after Yaag—that's the bloody 'un !! "
>
> So instead of Acte's we raced on to Yaag's pork butcher's in Great George's Street, most of us boys in the vanguard and anxious to be the first to crash the enemy's windows. . . . I always liked Mr. Yaag, but not quite so keenly as I liked to break his windows without fear of molestation. . . . " You'll sink the bleedin' ' Lusy,' will you!! " yelled our Joan, waving a shillalah over his prostrate form. " I'll give you sinking the bloody ' Lusy '!! 'Ere, bust that up ; kick that out ; smash the whole bloody business !! " . . . A rather pathetic case I recall was that of an aged couple who lived quietly in a house in Kent Street, just opposite St. Michael's Church. Of German extraction, they had lived so long in Liverpool they looked like natives. Moreover, they had taken out naturalisation papers and were drawing their support from the Parish. . . . We left this old house practically wrecked.

Some of the most sickening passages in the book are concerned with his drunken, brutal father, one of the vilest wretches that ever escaped the gallows. And yet, though the author spares him no more than he spares himself, his accounts are curiously devoid of hate or reproach. The war brought hectic joy and florid sorrow into the drab lives of the unhappy slum-dwellers ; and part of the second half of the book graphically describes this, and also tells of the author's adventures at sea, when you are again impressed by his courage. Some of the book is brilliantly, even lyrically, written.

HERBERT PALMER

THE SPANISH BACKGROUND

The Origins of Modern Spain. By J. B. TREND. *Cambridge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Many English students have been in debt to Professor Trend since he wrote *A Picture of Modern Spain*. It was a book which led them past the picturesque attractions of a delightfully backward country, to Spain as it was seen and understood by Spaniards themselves. We lean naturally in foreign countries to those who have taken inspiration from our own, and Prof. Trend was able to introduce us to a group of educationalists, sociologists and men of letters on whom European and, notably, English ideas had had considerable influence. This would hardly have been very striking in any other country, but since the Christian Reconquest from the Moors the hatred of foreign ideas, the horror of contamination from heretical Europe and the lonely arrogance of an ultra-montane Catholicism had ensured that in Spain the word " Europe " meant something even more terrible than the Scarlet Woman does to an Orangeman. It was very easy to agree with the educated minority of Spaniards that " Africanism," clericalism, traditionalism, absolutism had fatally perverted the Spanish mind, and that the country would remain the despair of all except those who wanted to take monastic vows, exploit a concession or make picturesque water-colours. It was perfectly easy to see that the persecuted were the educated ; equally clear was it that the educated Spaniard was inevitably a revolutionary ; but less clear, though no less true, that as a revolutionary he was a real nationalist, that he was genuinely religious and was soaked in the Spanish tradition and not in traditionalism. The Englishman who goes about thinking to flatter his educated Spanish friends by regarding them as an Iberian branch of the Fabian Society, is as misled as was the typical Spanish Mumbo Jumbo traditionalist of " El Debate " when he condemned those who did not believe in the stigmata of Sister Patrocino as atheists, and those who fought for liberty of conscience as wanting to turn the sanctity of the home into a brothel. Once people think in terms of causes they will recruit the very moon, and all knowledge of psychological differences is impatiently neglected.

If there is any uncritical tendenciousness (in the anti-clerical sense) in Prof. Trend's book, it is excusable on the grounds that he is writing about the only people in the country—outside the peasantry—with whom it is possible to have intelligent intercourse. His earlier book was the first in English to give an account of the contemporary ideas and work of these people, at any length ; his present volume goes back to the previous generation, to the source of their ideas, exchanging the now well-known " generation of '98 " for the " generation of '68," of which little at all is known in England. Each generation produced its republic.

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Unless one takes the story back into the influence of French ideas in the eighteenth century and thence right back to the Garden of Eden, the intellectual history of modern Spain may be conveniently said to begin with the journey of a native of Soria to Germany in the '40's of last century. This was Sanz del Rio, who brought back the minor philosophy of Kraussism to Spain. The Spaniards are not a philosophical people. The circle of Sanz del Rio took what was useful to them out of Kraussism—particularly the ideas relating to law and pedagogy. The main effect was to open the windows upon scholasticism, to establish a basis for disinterested inquiry and, in education, a platform from which to insist upon freedom of conscience. Prison, exile, the loss of their Chairs was the immediate fate of the workers in this spiritual ventilation; and out of persecution was born the now famous Institucion Libre de Enseñanza or Free School and, later, schools and residences for older pupils, which completely revolutionised Spanish education, and which fundamentally are responsible for that cultural renaissance that took place during the last generation.

In that strange atmosphere of cynicism and rhetoric in which the majority of Spaniards lived, their essential quality of seriousness, or perhaps one should say of gravity, had become pointless and had lost direction and will. They lived, like mystics on their "off days" when the trick of direct union with the Godhead has eluded them, in an intellectual and spiritual vacuum. The men of '68, under the leadership of Don Francisco Giner de los Rios, the most gifted and saintly of them all, regained this lost seriousness and gave it purpose. There is a long account of "Don Francisco" in this book which gives a good picture of this small, sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued Andalusian who brimmed with life, wisdom and ideas, who disarmed his opponents by his refusal to be drawn in the political anti-clerical battle, and who concentrated his energies not on making movements but on making men. If any one man is responsible for the intelligence of modern Spain, he is Don Francisco Giner de los Rios.

Of the whole group which included Costa, Salmerón and Azcárate, the men of the first republic, only Don Manuel Cossío —whose classic book on El Greco is well known—is still living. Prof. Trend has drawn them all and traced the important foreign influences which helped to form them. The reader will be struck by the fervour of the book, the eulogistic quotations and the relative absence of criticism; but anyone who is familiar with the Spanish background and with the work and men of this movement which is now reaping a goodly harvest of power, will recognise the essential justness of Prof. Trend's attitude. It is an odd and refreshing experience to find a group of people in an "advanced" cause, actuated not by fanaticism and rabid hatreds, but moved by a fervour which can only be called religious in the deeper and more serious sense of that word. It is a pity, perhaps, that his book has not taken the whole intellectual background of the Spanish revolution, for his earlier work was hardly more than a general social introduction; a certain gossipy diffusiveness might have been avoided. But justice has never before been done in English to this movement, and our debt to Prof. Trend is great. V. S. PRITCHETT

QUEEN ANNE AGAIN

The Peace and the Protestant Succession. By G. M. TREVELYAN. *Longmans.* 21s.

Anne of England. By M. R. HOPKINSON. *Constable.* 12s. 6d.

Here, unfortunately, Prof. Trevelyan's *England under Queen Anne* comes to an end. We have one pleasure less to look forward to. If only he produced a couple of books every year!

In this volume are Marlborough's last campaigns, the Sacheverell trial, the fall of the Whigs, Bolingbroke's peace negotiations, his entanglement with the Pretender, and the Jacobite anti-climax on the death of Anne. And there are chapters on the end of the war in Spain, on Queen Anne's Empire, Queen Anne's Ireland, and Scotland after the Union. Very little of this really lends itself to the romantic historian, and the detail often holds out a handsome promise of confusion and tedium: so Prof. Trevelyan has scored another triumph. Everyone knows what to expect of him—how each detail becomes an ornament, and tons of solid masonry take on lightness and elegance under his hand. Everyone knows his wonderful knack in illustration, his power of suggesting character, or dexterously prompting an attitude, in a word or two. It is all here again.

Of course, he has had more dazzling opportunities, when the material was obviously on his side: there is only one scene of the kind in this book—Malplaquet. The volume could have no luckier opening than this stately battlepiece, worked up from the sketches of Orkney and others: the Allied army moving to the attack as the fog lifted: the hand-to-hand struggle in "the deadly shadows of the Wood of Sars": the Dutch assault, repulsed again and again, while "the Blue Guards, beloved of William III, went down in swathes": the cavalry action, in which the Scots Greys so much distinguished themselves ("Jemmy Campbell, at the head of the grey dragoons, behaved like an angel"): and then the stupefaction and awe of the victors as they viewed the battlefield, where the dead lay "as thick as ever did a flock of sheep." "Particularly where the Dutch Guards attacked it is a miracle. I hope in God it may be the last battle I may ever see. A very few of such would make both parties end the war very soon." Thus wrote Orkney: the pious Colonel Blackader, however, said: "It was the most deliberate, solemn and well-ordered battle I ever saw, a noble and fine disposition and as nobly executed. . . . I never had a more pleasant day in my life."

The Tories, as everyone knows, made a great outcry over the slaughter. It is startling to realise that the British did not lose 600 killed; "the Dutch, indeed, might have complained with better reason," but nobody cared about the Dutch. And of course Marlborough would have done himself no good at home by *not* fighting: when, two years later, he walked through Villars' *Ne Plus Ultra* lines without losing a man—his "professional masterpiece"—the "butcher's bill" critics merely abused him as an incompetent coward for not attacking again, though if he had obliged them with another Malplaquet "the same critics would have demanded his impeachment." For the Tory leaders in their senseless mood no anti-Marlborough demonstration was too abject: they even sent a secret message to assure the French king that they would "cut off his head."

Prof. Trevelyan writes of Marlborough with the generous warmth which seems called for by two centuries of slander: for Sarah he has a real kindness: but he is not very severe even

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on Bolingbroke. The Treaty of Utrecht, he says, was a good one, "in the working more satisfactory than any other that has ended a general European conflict in modern times." As for the methods that obtained it—true, we broke faith with the Dutch and then abused them, yet "neither the Dutch nor any of the other allies except the Catalans came off badly at Utrecht . . . and the ex-enemy France . . . remained unembittered and unprovoked to revenge." For St. John's betrayal of the Allied armies there is less to be said: no argument can justify the Restraining Orders, a secret agreement with Villars behind Eugene's back. When this move had been resolved on, Gaultier, the French agent in London, wrote to Torcy: "I asked Mr. St. John what Mons. de Villars should do if Prince Eugene took the offensive with the Dutch. He replied there would be nothing to do but fall on him and cut him to pieces, him and his army." This is merely disgusting, nor was it the lowest depth of St. John's treachery: but the fact seems to be that he had no sense of national responsibility in the "Whig war." He did not neglect England's interest: though he was now in a kind of secret alliance with Louis, courting the French, and flattered by them, yet he wrangled stiffly over every contested point in the treaty, and got excellent terms. It is true he had the Parliament at home to face.

The negotiations with Louis were not his idea: they had been going on for months before he was let into the secret, and had already acquired a strong Jacobite flavour. If Louis, then James—that was the feeling. Moreover, the Elector of Hanover, as a German prince, bitterly resented the Tory peace policy, and his displeasure helped to commit Bolingbroke and his friends to the other candidate. This Jacobite entanglement was a kind of retribution for the Restraining Orders. Prof. Trevelyan does not believe that, as things stood, the Succession was ever in great danger—the Grand Turk himself, Bolingbroke declared, would become King of England more easily than James as a Roman Catholic. They expected him to turn Anglican, in name at least, but "the good young man" had never the smallest intention of obliging them, and with strange infatuation they waited till almost the last moment before demanding a plain Yes or No. And by that time the No was useless: they had gone too far to retreat, or thought they had. Yet nobody had the courage to go farther; so they continued to wrangle among themselves till the Queen's death, and then all hastily proclaimed King George. It was highly ludicrous.

The book is brought to an end, too scrupulously, with the death of Anne, but the real conclusion is in the middle of the Epilogue:

> And so, having set his German affairs well in order, and said a slow and sorrowful farewell to beloved Hanover, promising often to come back, the elderly German gentleman proceeded by leisurely stages towards his new inheritance. It was not till September 18 that he landed at Greenwich, where he was received in state by a loyal nobility and people. It was not so dramatic an affair as Charles II's landing at Dover or Napoleon's return from Elba, but, alone of the great dynasties of Europe, his race has continued ever since to occupy the throne without losing possession even for a day.

That is the outline: it is impossible to give an idea of the whole substance, or of the endless pleasures by the way. Prof. Trevelyan never presents a figure or event, however slight in consequence, without first giving life to it, dipping it in the recreative element of imagination. And so every sentence tells: he cannot even mention the old lady who, if Anne had died a few years earlier, "would have made a good and popular Queen Sophy," without causing a certain nostalgia for that visionary reign. On his crowded canvas everything, it seems, is to be found—the literature of the moment, the excitements, the fashions, the Town talk. We begin to feel very much at home in Queen Anne's England: our interest in it grows, we want more and more of it: and by a last refinement of style, Prof. Trevelyan makes it seem easy to gratify that wish, to get hold of all the documents and know as much about it as he does. An agreeable delusion.

Anne of England is a naive work, with no harm in it at all. It purports to prove that Anne was a great queen, but is really more about how Churchill was seen climbing out of Barbara's window, and who were James II's mistresses, and what the little Duke of Gloucester used to play at, and why he and the other children had water on the brain. Those who are quite new to the period will be amused by it. There is a gush of sentiment over Anne's marriage—"the most tender and unique of all royal romances,"

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K. JOHN

DESCARTES

Descartes. By S. V. KEELING. *Benn.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book on Descartes is the latest addition to Ernest Benn's Leaders of Philosophy series. It consists mainly in a straightforward exposition of Descartes' views, with two introductory chapters on Descartes' life and times and two in conclusion giving a critical estimate of his philosophy. According to Dr. Keeling "to mix criticism with positive exegesis is vicious in principle, and objectionable in effect." Accordingly, the greater part of the book seeks simply to provide an exposition of Descartes' conclusions and arguments without critical commentary of any sort. Dr. Keeling states that he has been "seeking only to express in more modern speech, and through conceptions more familiar to modern minds, the sense of Descartes' arguments and conclusions."

The exposition of Descartes' views undoubtedly succeeds in providing a model for the combination of learning and a thorough knowledge of the works of the philosopher expounded with clarity and ease of style and a happy mode of expressing complicated arguments in a simple manner.

The attempt to express the ideas of a philosophy nearly 300 years old "through conceptions more familiar to modern minds" is also successful. In doing this Dr. Keeling does succeed in making Descartes' views very easily comprehensible to those brought up on Russellian logic, without distorting the sense of Descartes' own thoughts. Only on one or two occasions does there occur any noticeable deviation from Cartesianism—*e.g.* when reference is made to "sensa," and to the "apprehension of propositions"; but even here the deviation is not very serious. This success in the modernisation of Descartes is to be ascribed partly to Dr. Keeling's skill in exposition, and partly to the fact that "modern" thought is still imbued with ideas of Substance and Causality very similar in essentials to those employed by Descartes.

In the chapter on "The Cartesian School," which concludes the expository part of the book, the subsequent developments of Cartesianism are shown to arise from two main difficulties in Descartes' philosophy—namely (1) the creation of finite substances by the Absolute Substance, God; and (2) the relations of Mind and Matter. The theory of Occasionalism, and the diverging philosophies of Spinoza and Leibnitz are shortly and efficiently dealt with, and it is shown how with Spinoza and Leibnitz Cartesianism finally led to philosophies which would no longer be classed as Cartesian. The subsequent developments (through le Roy, la Mettrie, and others) of the materialist sides of Descartes' teaching are less adequately dealt with. Dr. Keeling seems unaware of the significance and importance of French materialism, and the influence which Descartes had upon it.

The opening and concluding chapters of Dr. Keeling's book are less successful than the middle expository chapters. The inevitable account of Descartes' life is very readable (though it is left obscure why the chapter heading should suggest that the sophisticated Descartes was "a child of Nature"). The second chapter deals with "The Intellectual Climate of the Age." With this Dr. Keeling is obviously less at home than he is with the works of Descartes. His remarks are very inconclusive, and he altogether fails to connect the intellectual ferment of the time with the contemporary political and economic developments. This chapter could, indeed, have been very well left out, as the ensuing expository chapters are nowhere linked up with it.

Yet had Dr. Keeling dealt with "the age" more adequately he would have brought out vital features of the philosophy of Descartes which his book ignores. Descartes' whole philosophy was the embodiment of a contradiction very typical of the age in which he lived—the contradiction of materialistic science with idealistic theology. Despite the apparent logical coherence of his system Descartes was never able to overcome this contradiction; and the difficulties which Dr. Keeling signalises as the main difficulties of his philosophy—the creation of finite substances by God, and the interaction of matter and mind—spring directly from it. Exactly the same contradiction showed itself in Descartes' life when he had to choose between allowing himself to be gagged and offending the Catholic Church. He himself was the victim of a contradiction. He could not allow himself to be gagged, and he could not offend the Church. And consequently he was driven into an unsatisfactory and self-contradictory compromise in his life as he was in his philosophy.

The closing critical chapters are likewise not up to the high standard of the expository sections. Dr. Keeling's criticisms are rambling and inconclusive; he deals with various of Descartes' views one by one, and nowhere makes any pointed and fundamental criticism of Cartesianism. The main roots of Descartes' philosophy—the contradiction of materialism and idealism, as also the Cartesian conception of Method, and of Substance and Causality—are allowed to fall into the background, and are not subjected to a critical analysis. Instead, numerous detail points obscure the main issues.

With these serious defects Dr. Keeling's book remains a noteworthy contribution to English Cartesian literature by reason of the author's learning, the clarity of the style, and the simple and illiminating exposition of Cartesian doctrines.

At the conclusion is a useful bibliography of Cartesian literature.

MAURICE CORNFORTH

DEMOCRACY LIMITED

Financial Democracy. By MARGARET MILLER, Ph.D., and DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, Ph.D. *Hogarth Press.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Financial Democracy is an ambitious title, masking in this case an unpretentious treatment of a strictly limited subject matter. The authors, setting out to examine the nature and extent of the control exercised over their property by shareholders in limited liability companies, discuss the pros and cons of extensive or limited participation, the existing safeguards against the abuse by directional boards of their privileges, the merits and demerits of the present system, or lack of system, in the appointment of directors, and the questions of pluralities, interlocking directorates, excessive fees, and the "guinea-pig." Interesting enough as far as it goes; but this list, which excludes among other things all consideration of that most democratic of economic institutions, the Co-op., is by no means all that could be included under the heading of "Financial Democracy."

The very phrase is misleading enough; the parallel between the democratic principle in government and the control by shareholders over the administration of their property is a very slight one. The primary function of democracy, in a world of highly complex and specialised government activities, is to ensure that those ultimate aims shall be pursued which are closest to the popular will. The exact manner of the pursuit is increasingly, and of necessity, left to the expert. The passenger has a right (denied to him by dictatorship) to say at what port he wants to be put ashore; but heaven forbid that he should try to steer the liner. In the conduct of the State there is plenty of room for dispute over aims—the ideals of aristocracy and egalitarianism, religion and freedom, nationalism and internationalism, progress and tradition; and democracy is consequently essential. In company finance there is general agreement on aims, which consist in profits; and Miss Miller and Mr. Campbell, while clinging rather pathetically to their preference for democratic methods, can find little real advantage in their application to actual business management.

The secondary function of democracy, however, that of providing a check on misrule and the abuse of power, appears to remain necessary in business matters. The authors quote instances: the Marconi's Wireless and Telegraph Company, Ltd., the Hudson's Bay Co., and Messrs. R. E. Jones, Ltd., to show what difficulties beset the would-be champion of shareholders' democracy when confronted with what looks like a misuse of directional powers. The chapter on "Direct Action" makes discouraging reading; the powers of obstruction of those in control, the expense of an appeal to the general body of shareholders, and above all the apathy of the latter, make uphill work for the discontented. The safeguard of audit is less than it looks; incompetence and even gross mismanagement—indeed anything which falls short of fraudulent falsification of accounts—is outside the scope of even the most conscientious auditor. And auditors, being in practice appointed by the directors although responsible to the shareholders, are not inclined to prejudice their goodwill by exceeding their duties. Legal proceedings can never do more

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than lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen; the courts have no preventive powers.

The authors are cautious in their recommendations. They consider and approve certain foreign expedients, such as the Dutch system of shareholders' committees acting with the directors; they advocate a closer co-operation between shareholders and auditors; they praise the American practice of reporting not annually but half-yearly, quarterly, or even more often. On the whole, however, they are evidently tempted to give up financial democracy as a bad job.

Nor are they particularly hopeful of improving, by any positive policy, the average quality of the directors into whose hands the investing public so irretrievably delegates its powers. The professionalisation of business leadership remains a remote ideal. Nepotism and superannuation are difficult to prevent. The "guinea-pig" does not matter much, but is never likely to be totally exterminated. Will the way out lie, as the authors despairingly hint, in a complete and detailed government control of business; can the creaking mechanism of large-scale private enterprise continue to function without reform; or will the new American codes, affording as they do a check on wild competitive trading, point the way to a compromise? We are left to guess.

HONOR CROOME

THE DISCOMFORTS OF COMMUNISM

Kapoot: The Narrative of a Journey from Leningrad to Mount Ararat In Search of Noah's Ark. By CARVETH WELLS. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*

Mr. Carveth Wells is an American traveller who delights in exploration and what is popularly known as "debunking." In this case the latter half of his sub-title escapes scot-free from any such process. Mr. Wells set out to find Noah's Ark, because a journey might as well have an object. What is more, he found the Ark, or a portion of its rudder, piously guarded by the Armenian monks of Echmiazin, who allowed him to take motion pictures of all their sacred relics. So far, so fine. But we are beginning at the end. Mr. Wells's debunking is reserved for Communist Russia. The word "kapoot"—meaning "broken" as in German—serves him as a motto or refrain, and applies equally to Russian finance, hotel elevators, factories, model farms, hot-water systems and, of course, the Five Year Plan.

Mr. Wells, his wife and a cameraman entered Russia in 1932 as members of a conducted party under the auspices of Intourist. After a programme of propagandist sightseeing and demonstrations of Russia's enlightened plans, the tourists left, except for Mr. Wells and his companions. These, having already met with bed bugs and insanitation, now saw more of the dark side of the medal. The hotel food suddenly became uneatable, the officials suddenly became rude, and Moscow suddenly became filled with starving beggars. On the train journey to the Caucasus, food was unobtainable (the dining car being "kapoot"), the air was permanently foul, and the sleeping compartment swarmed with vermin. As they passed through the Ukraine they saw poverty, filth and desolation in all the villages. The people wore rags, women displayed a few nails or a single tomato for sale in the markets, puny children with distended stomachs grovelled for food amongst garbage heaps, and the train passed truckloads of peasants being transported to Siberia for so-called "liquidation" (i.e., execution, according to the author). On reaching Vladikavkaz, where Mr. Wells confesses to the presence of food and a hot-water heater in the hotel, they found an American lying ill and untended in the local hospital among conditions that might be borrowed from those in Mr. Cummings's *Enormous Room*.

In short, the filth, poverty and neglect would be indescribable, were it not that Mr. Wells describes them with such particular gusto. His is indeed a vivid pen. Every discomfort has its pages of description. Whether it be flies in the hotels, strings and match-sticks in the black bread, or the Caucasian villagers' liberal use of cowdung, Mr. Wells can be trusted to register the matter keenly. His previous travels in Malay, Lapland and Central Africa have done nothing to dull his descriptions of conditions that can hardly be unique. He extracts full value from his visit to the cathedral in Leningrad. In this anti-religious museum a man was using the dome and the floor beneath it to demonstrate the earth's motion by means of a pendulum. We may see something like it at South Kensington, but the Americans, as represented by Mr. Wells, know that the earth rotates on its axis, and to be interested in the proof is childish. No doubt the exhibits in this ex-cathedral are shocking to the religious; Mr. Wells, in Leningrad, displays a keen religious sense, which, however, is not based on a study of the Bible. For at a later stage he is found confessing that to hunt up the reference to Christ's raiment he will have to look all through the New Testament, as for a needle in a bundle of hay.

The book is entertaining, but superficial, and less instructive than it might have been. For a thousand western visitors to Moscow, perhaps one goes to Erivan; some further attention to the Armenian Republic would have provided Mr. Wells with more matter, though at the expense of his spectacular indictment.

TIDDLERS

How to See Pond Life. By ERIC FITCH DAGLISH. *Dent.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

How To See Insects. By ERIC FITCH DAGLISH. *Dent.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

However unwholesome and diminutive it may be, a pond exerts a certain mesmeric influence over most children. They love to rove its sloping, slippery banks, or gaze wide-eyed into its gloomy algaeic depths. And if they have the patience and good sight they may even catch a glimpse of that elusive batrachian, the Great Warty Newt (*Molge cristata*), as it wends its way through the tangle of submerged woods.

In *How To See Pond Life* Mr. Daglish, author and illustrator of many books on animals, describes in simple language for young readers the numerous batrachians, reptiles, fishes, crustaceans and other lesser-known forms of animal life which dwell in and about ponds. There is only one thing to complain about in this book, and that is he persists in alluding to newts, frogs and toads as amphibians instead of terming them batrachians, their correct classification. But this fault is not a serious one, and, on the whole, the work will prove a useful primer for young naturalists intent upon discovering and observing the secrets of nature for themselves. The last pages of this volume are devoted to the

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This book should provide plenty of entertainment and pleasure for the insect-minded young reader—in fact it well deserves to be called the *Bug-Hunter's Vade Mecum*. And to illustrate the text of both these charming books Mr. Daglish has used many of his delightful wood-engravings and pen-and-ink drawings.

SHORTER NOTICES

Crowded Hours. By ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH. *Scribners*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The newest Washington equivalent, let us say, to Lady Oxford is the daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, who, with all the family high spirits, dashes over the period between her father's rise to the Presidency and the beginning of the ruin of the Republican party under Harding and Coolidge. Alice Roosevelt was the first young girl in the White House for a full generation, and her gifts enabled her to make the most of her good fortune. Politics for her meant her father's affairs. In her eyes he could not be wrong, and perhaps the pleasantest thing in her record is the fact that when Theodore Rooosevelt split the party by the Progressive schism of 1912, the fierce partisanship then engendered made no serious difficulty with her husband, Nicholas Longworth, who was immovably regular. Mrs. Longworth enjoyed all the advantages of the privileged woman when that privileged creature was a comparative novelty in Europe as well as in the East, and she makes a brisk narrative of her adventures. Her pen is sharp, and free from ill-nature when she is not writing about Woodrow Wilson. The most quoted of her quips in the past decade was the saying that Calvin Coolidge looked as though he had been weaned on a pickle. Mrs. Longworth says she got it from a Washington politician and has never claimed it as her own.

Anne Cecil, Elizabeth, and Oxford. By PERCY ALLEN. *Archer*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

In his investigation of the Shakespearean corpus Mr. Percy Allen no longer argues the question of authorship. Henceforward Oxford is to be accepted by his readers as the poet and dramatist whom we know as Shakespeare. But if all is over but the shouting, the shouting it seems may be prolonged indefinitely; for, knowing that Oxford was Shakespeare—or at any rate most of him—and guessing that Chapman was on occasion the mouthpiece of Oxford's enemies, and happy in the confidence that every other line any Elizabethan wrote may hide a slander that no one could publish openly and live; well, as Mr. Robey might say, "I ask you?" Consequently reading beneath the lines of plays, sonnets and what not, all kinds of discoveries may be made. In the present book, for instance, Mr. Allen compels the literature of the period to confess—often under torture—much in the lives of Oxford, his Cecil wife, and his Royal Mistress that has escaped the historian. Oxford it is demonstrated was Elizabeth's accepted lover, and they had a little son, who was first a chorister and later a boy-player. He was known as Will Shakespeare—probably to confuse the issue still further—and died young but not before he had thrown a light on some of the darker sonnets. This is not all, of course, but it will indicate the manner and matter of the book which is as ingenious and ingenuous as any non-Stratfordian could desire.

Hyde Park Orator. By BONAR THOMPSON. *Jarrolds*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Here is as racy and cynical a self-revelation as modern autobiography has given us. Mr. Thompson, who is at the head of his profession as a Hyde Park orator, presents himself to us as an incorrigible humbug, with so disarming a candour, so pat, if perverse, a philosophy, and so ingenuous an impudence, that he wins our probably quite undeserved regard. There are times, indeed, in the course of the narrative in which we feel that it is all too good to be true, and that Mr. Thompson is just a character created by Mr. Shaw who has escaped from the Shavian drama and is living a Pirandelloish life of his own. While still a youth Mr. Thompson decided that work bored him, and finding that he had the gift of the gab and a certain vague sympathy with those who have to work or starve he became a Socialist orator. At first his Socialism was more or less genuine, but a growing feeling that his efforts were futile and a strong distaste for the Puritan respectability of his fellow preachers sapped his little faith and henceforward, though he continued his career as open-air orator, it was not to the conversion or uplift of his audience he looked but to the collection of their pence. Mr. Thompson in the course of his career has made distinguished and undistinguished friends, and he has much that is interesting to tell us of an underworld of plausible rascals who are just not criminals. An original, lively and highly readable book.

Twelve Centuries of Rome (753 B.C.—A.D. 476). By G. P. BAKER. *Bell*. 16*s*.

Readers of Mr. Baker's earlier ventures in Roman History, *Sulla*, *Tiberius*, *Constantine* and *Justinian*, will find in this lively and vigorous book all the merits of those biographies. Mr. Baker writes for the general reader, but the scholarship is there and the right historical sense, and students who are not offended by effective use of the vernacular will find him a stimulating companion as he goes over familiar ground with so penetrating and quickening a sense of its reality that it becomes fresh and vital. Mr. Baker brings the Roman world very close and makes the Roman character and mentality very clear to us. The narrative indeed, is curiously contemporaneous. This is due partly to the fact that Mr. Baker keeps close to his sources, but mostly to his feeling that in retelling this story of the past, he is throwing light upon its sequel, the present. Mr. Baker, save that he gives the Roman genius a more imaginative outlook, follows very closely the view of Roman history advanced by Professor Leon Homo in his two famous studies, and we see the great Empire as something forced upon the Roman people by the environment acting on their realistic, moderate and practical mentality. Rome, Mr. Baker holds, lasted while there were enough antique Romans to teach the younger generations, and fell only when the old stock died out.

The Pageant of Tower Hill. By P. B. CLAYTON and B. R. LEFTWICH. *Longmans*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

In the main the pageant of Tower Hill is a sombre affair, lightened by some Royal procession to or from Westminster. So many unfortunate rebels met their deaths on the hill that Mr. Leftwich has had no difficulty in gathering materials for a popular account of public executions through the centuries. Of course much more than this has gone to the making of the book, with its many interesting notes on the topography of old London, and on the changing form of the open space by the Tower, from a dust heap to a pleasance, and from a pleasance to the space for mid-day tub-thumping as it is to-day. The Rev. Dr. Clayton, who writes of the Hill as he has known it, and as he hopes to see it, has a vision of a city garden and so forth that shall be worthy of the regality that holds sway over the Liberty of The Tower.

Week-end Competitions

Number 215

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas, and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea, for not fewer than fourteen or more than forty lines of verse on "The Discoveries of Foreign Travel," the last line being:

"And Guadalquivir called Gwad-al-kee-*veer*."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 20th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 213

Set by V. Sackville-West

Mr. H. W. Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage* is fortunately well known as an indispensable adjunct to the writing-table of any man of letters. Nevertheless it may at times have occurred to someone amongst its numerous disciples that this excellent work might have benefited by additional paragraphs in the manner, say, of the paragraph entitled *Pedantic humour*. It would have been both interesting and valuable, for example, had Mr. Fowler included a paragraph headed *Purple passage*, instead of limiting himself to the statement that *Purple makes -lish. -ly*. Competitors therefore should exercise their wits (a phrase of which Mr. Fowler would certainly have disapproved) in contributing one extra paragraph of 500 to 600 words, which, with any luck, might be incorporated in the next edition of the work in question. The style (we hope not inimitable) of Mr. Fowler's civilly disagreeable and demolishing pen should of course be reproduced as closely as possible. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by V. Sackville-West

It was a matter of regret to me that so many competitors should have adopted my own suggestion that Mr. Fowler might with advantage have included a paragraph on the *Purple Patch*. I had intended only an illustration of the idea I had in mind, whose expansion and variety was

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Or see your own travel agents.

to be left to their ingenuity. Only four competitors, however, provided headings of their own: Eremita with *Pulpitry;* Allan Laing with *Americanisms;* O. H. T. Dudley with *Near-by* (see *Herd-words*); and A. R. H. with *Fleet Street Trip-up.* The rest all adhered safely to *Purple Passage* or *Patch.* Rather unenterprising, I think; or was my wording of the competition ambiguous?

Mr. Fowler's style, also, proved rather more inimitable than I had anticipated. E. V. W., after a brilliant beginning, fell off deplorably, nor could I see how the first example chosen by him deserved the epithet p.p. at all. Southron achieved one superb definitition: "It [the p.p.] consists mainly of unkempt emotion; it is a libertine abandonment to sound." Lester Ralph, on the whole, wins it, with Eremita for the Second Prize.

FIRST PRIZE

PURPLE PASSAGE

(The variant PATCH is recommended neither by its Shakespearian application to *clown,* nor by its more prosaic application to outworn garments.) A passage of pretentious phraseology, intended in criticism as a mildly opprobrious description of what the author may be assumed to have regarded as a piece of fine writing. In this connection PURPLE, a word whose vague connotation embraces the colour of the sea as well as that which adorned the imperial robes, may be taken as indicating simply brightness, at least of intention. In verse this exuberance of style has been blatantly exemplified by Robert Montgomery, and adequately dealt with in Macaulay's well-known essay upon the writings of that luckless poetaster. In prose, where its recurrence is more distressingly frequent, this florid excrescence is marked either by a turgid verbosity which relies for effect upon an excess of epithet, or by a pathetic attempt at meretricious simplicity, as in the often quoted description of the death of Colonel Newcome: *At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "Adsum," and fell back.* The smell of the lamp in this laborious striving after simplicity is perceptible through each repetition of 'and.' For specimens of the more ornate prose passage exhibiting the vices enumerated above, the reader is referred to the bulk of the writings of De Quincey, Carlyle or Marie Corelli, to the perorations of Messrs. Lloyd George and Ramsey MacDonald, or to the innumerable instances afforded by the lucubrations of popular modern novelists. To exemplify the latter one quotation, which shall not be carried far beyond the threshold of nausea, must surely suffice: *The wan face of the rising moon, coyly refulgent amid the trailing wisps of dun or opalescent cloud-bank, looked mournfully, and as though in tragic bewilderment, upon the sullenly heaving waste of storm-whipped waters, whereon lay scattered, pitiful as the broken toys of a little child, a few black specks fitfully moving—all that the vengeful elements still suffered to survive of that magnificent but vainglorious armada. Then, in grim silence, fell the dark.* Addiction to the purple passage, like the measles, is a childish ailment, from which most of us must expect to suffer sooner or later; but if, after the perusal of the horrors italicised above, any further warning to literary aspirants be thought necessary, they may be invited to consider, and confidently expected to disregard, the following outworn maxims, for which neither cogency nor originality is here claimed: Re-write your descriptive paragraph without the use of a single attributive adjective. Having accomplished an article to your complete satisfaction, cut out from it any passage which strikes you as particularly Ciceronian, Conradesque, or in the manner of Walter Pater.

LESTER RALPH

SECOND PRIZE

PULPITRY

The decline of pulpit oratory in England from the emotional and disturbing influence of the Methodist Revival until the final destruction in our own time by the B.B.C. would be an interesting and melancholy subject for a monograph, but here there is no space to discuss it. By *Pulpitry* is intended those faults in expression which are now usually associated with the Pulpit, but are unfortunately to be found in many other places. Preachers are notoriously addicted to elegant variation, to pedantic and worn-out humour, and to stylish words: for this they may be excused, since they are but men. A habit of using archaisms and allusive commonplaces deserves our indulgent pity: the English Bible, with which the clergy are professionally obliged to have some familiarity, has in the course of time become as deadly an influence upon prose style as it was a healthy influence in the time of Donne. We must tolerate Wardour Street language from those who are privileged to address us as *dear brethren.* We must also allow the clergy the use of stock pathos, a necessary equipment of those who are obliged to attend *our dear ones* when they *pass away,* to comfort *the bereaved,* and to *lay to rest all that was mortal* of *the departed* in *God's Acre.* The clergy have less excuse for the habit of introducing platitudes by emphatic and superfluous phrases such as *it is indeed* or *here and now,* and though they may jocularly claim *benefit of clergy* (see POPULARISED TECHNICALITIES), the same licence need not be extended to schoolmasters, popular journalists, and other lay people with a tendency to become pontifical. Phrases of moral exhortation are unpleasant in the pulpit, and unbearable anywhere else; the following phrases (to which others could certainly be added) should never be used except with the invocation *dearly beloved brethren*—: *let us consider, it is a warning* (or *an example*) *to* us, *if we ask ourselves.*

EREMITA

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 70.—JELLABY

[Composed in response to a number of requests for "another one on the lines of *Private Wire.*"]

A college friend whom I have not seen for some time, but who follows with interest my attempts to evolve new puzzles, recently sent me the following:

E NRAV CRIRGEWC K SEWWSR
"XE-MKG" FL FSV MRSSKJO'N (VF
OFZ IRTRTJRI CFG "XE" CR ZNRV
WF JR?) EW QFAWKEAN K CEVVRA
XIFURIJ. KSS WCKW EN ARRVRV
EN KXXSEQKWEFA, "RURA ZAWF
WCR LELWC XSKQR FL VRQETKSN,"
KN MRSSKJO ZNRV WF NKO.

Enclosed in this missive was the following:

"IRKS TRA SEUR SZNWESO. AF TKA'N
SFW EN K PFKV KSS WCR WETR. K
VFSW CKN RKWRA TKPPFWN, EA
KSS LKEWC. KW WRA, K LKI VIZT
JRKWN."

Find the "CEVVRA XIFURIJ."

PROBLEM 68.—CATECHISM

It will be found, by analysis (taking any set of answers as the starting point), that only two sets of answers are consistent with the data:

	Answered truthfully by				
	Muriel.	Helen.	George.	Floozie.	Percy.
I	3, 5	5, 6	1, 2	3, 6	2, 4
II	2, 5	5, 6	1, 3	2, 6	3, 4

Hence we know that the following answers are true:

Muriel's and Helen's answers to 5.
Helen's and Floozie's answers to 6.
George's answer to 1.
Percy's answer to 4.

and can thus deduce with certainty the following facts:

Muriel's eyes are blue.
Floozie's favourite author is Gyp.
Dad keeps his piccolo in the study.
Percy is not a teetotaller.

We also know that:

The cat's name is not *Mrs. Siddons.*
George is not *41.*

But I do not regard it as essential that these facts should be incorporated in the answer.

Note.—There is no "psychology" in the problem; its solution turns purely on deduction. Thus, such argument as "George would be unlikely to understate his age," etc., cannot be regarded as admissible.

PROBLEM 67.—LIVING CHESS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to:

A. K. Ross, Queen's College, Oxford.

There were 81 correct solutions. *Eight* points are awarded.

Problem 64.—*Caucus Races.* Eight points are awarded.

Problem 61.—*Private Wire.* Seven points are awarded.

Would solvers kindly note:

1. It would save me trouble if they would put name and address *at the top of each solution sent in.* The solutions to each problem are separately filed, and to send one name and address with two solutions means extra clerical work for me.

2. Also I should be grateful if queries, comments requiring an answer, and, particularly, claims for prizes could be sent in on separate sheets. If sent (as they often are) with problem solutions, they are apt to be overlooked.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the first sender of a correct solution.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

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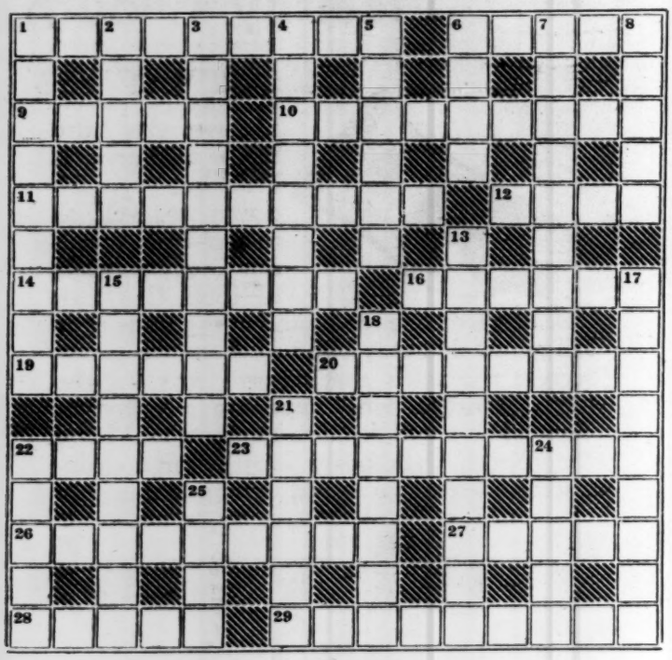
The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

The winner of last week's crossword is Mr. K. A. Hunkin, 80 Belle Vue Road, Southbourne-on-Sea, Hants.

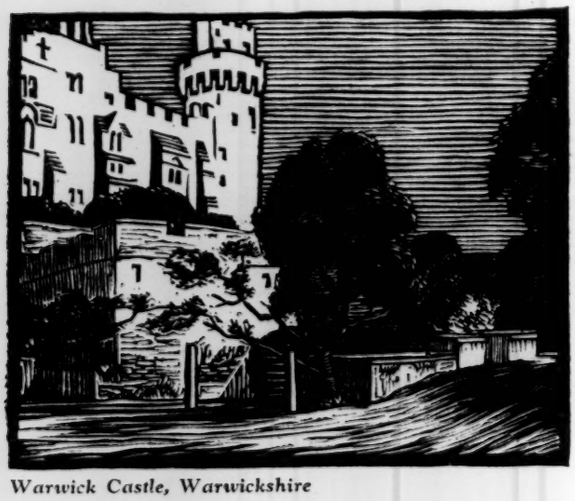
ACROSS.

1. Canonised witch.
6. Black Friday is due to him.
9. I put art first and then this to vegetate.
10. Saxon for the first of 20.
11. The rocket he fired did not end in smoke.
12. Another name for an English French chair.
14. Hungry as a bird.
16. An unmethodical vagrant.
19. 8 one in the wet.
20. Her Majesty is due next week.
22. Palace for a second of 20 and retinue.
23. Part is said to be varied.
26. Dish described in a Mosaic recipe.
27. One of the Cinque Ports.
28. You double to the helm.
29. Fictitious Scottish doctor.

DOWN.

1. Revolutionary owner of a London castle.
2. How Sir John Moore was left with his glory.
3. Reverse of close-fisted.
4. He threw a footstool at Ulysses.
5. Lord! the child is under the motor.
6. When this points to the south east it may mean death.
7. Card hand a sign of no more room.
8. All disembodied.
13. Victor does this exclusively.
15. Literally or metaphorically this shows the opposite view.
17. If the fish were the angler he would be ambitious in this profession.
18. At the foot of a nautical tree.
21. Where the rainbow ends you might find this godly place.
22. What drives the ship may draw the cab.
24. Armadillo.
25. We thought our cat was till she had kittens.

C	A	T	S	P	A	W	■	H	A	B	I	T	U	E
O	■	R	■	R	■	E	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	R
D	E	O	D	A	N	D	■	L	O	Z	E	N	G	E
I	■	J	■	T	■	D	■	I	■	I	■	S	■	C
C	H	A	N	T	R	E	Y	B	E	Q	U	E	S	T
I	■	N	■	L	■	D	■	U	■	U	■	■	■	E
L	A	W	Y	E	R	■	S	T	R	E	A	K	E	D
■	■	A	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	■	A	■	■	■
C	A	R	A	P	A	C	E	■	B	A	R	N	U	M
O	■	■	■	O	■	H	■	A	■	R	■	G	■	Y
L	O	R	D	C	H	A	M	B	E	R	L	A	I	N
L	■	E	■	H	■	N	■	A	■	A	■	R	■	H
I	N	G	R	A	I	N	■	C	O	N	S	O	L	E
N	■	I	■	R	■	E	■	U	■	G	■	O	■	E
S	C	A	N	D	A	L	■	S	P	E	N	S	E	R



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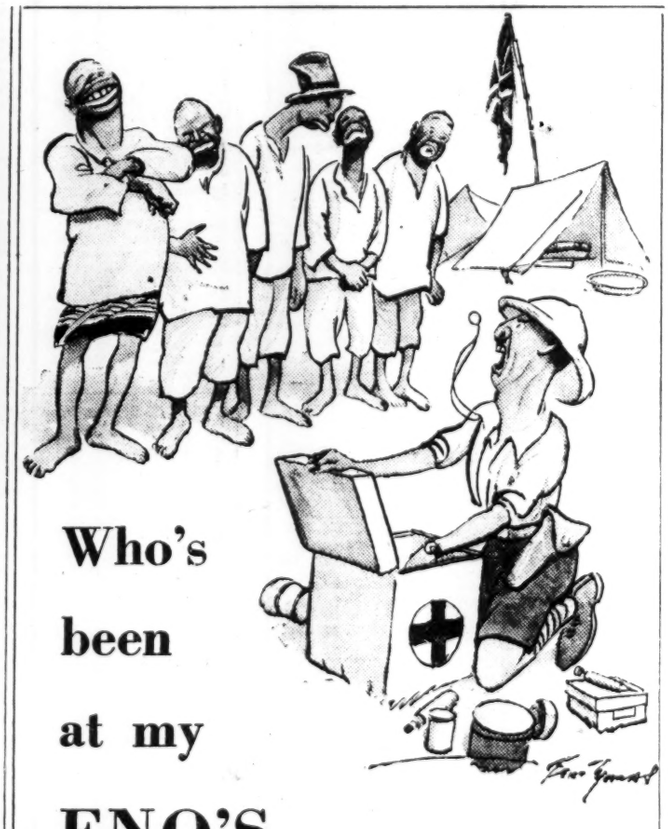

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DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove. Th. & Sat.
GLOBE. Biography. Thurs. & Sat.
H'DROME. Mr. Whittington. Th. & Sat.
PALACE. Why Not To-Night. Wed. & Th.
PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi. Mon., Thurs.
PICCADILLY. Counsellor-at-Law. Tu. & Fri.
QUEEN'S. The Old Folks at Home. W. & S.
ROYALTY. The Mask & the Face. Th. & Sat.
ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.
S. MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. M. Tu. F.
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PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT" A New Revue.
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